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ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF

**Crabbe.**

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IF poetry has been rightly defined by Campbell as the eloquence of truth, it would be difficult to name a writer in the present day, so justly entitled to the sacred name of poet, as the Rev. George Crabbe, of whose productions, truth is at once the actuating principle and the invariable tendency. This is not to be understood as merely intimating his general correctness of deduction on disputed points, or purity of sentiment on ordinary thoughts and actions, but that quick, intuitive power, which he possesses in a decidedly exclusive degree, of laying us, as it were, open to ourselves; of tearing the sophisticated web, which human self-love draws over human frailty, of diving into the very heart of our mystery, and sounding us, as Hamlet says, "from our lowest note to the top of our compass." In perusing the poetry of Crabbe, it soon becomes obvious to us, that we are entering upon no ordinary developement of mind and its attributes, of our nature and its seeming contradictions, of the heart and its hidden weaknesses; we feel that the strictures of an undeviating monitor are before us, of one who disdains to trifle but for a moment, and has bent his whole giant

energy to endow us with "the prime wisdom;" a knowledge of that which is within and around us; of one far from destitute of imagination, but subjecting it only to the noblest purposes; shedding its brilliance on no false views of happiness, and permitting it to roam for no distorted images of sorrow; at all times enforcing its subservience to the interests of virtue, and the illustration of important truths. There is a searching keenness in his satire which it is impossible to resist or shun. It is in vain that we would fly from the conviction it induces, the conviction of our most secret and cherished weaknesses, and their distinct though hitherto unacknowledged influence over our action and dispositions; it is in vain, that with the natural repugnance of humanity to forfeit its fictitious dignity, we would look only into others for the justice of his strictures: it has been the successful aim of Crabbe to penetrate into what Rochefoucault calls the *terra incognita* of self-love; and the consciousness of our imperfections is forced upon us too cogently to equivocate further, either with our accuser or ourselves: he has "observed us with the very comment of his soul," and defines our most hidden springs of action.

It may be asked, whether all this is the legitimate province of poetry? or whether it might not be more efficiently done by the agency of simple prose?—Questions which plunge us at once into the very vortex of the controversy on Pope: and I doubt not there are critics in the present day fully disposed to deny the claims of our great living moralist, and exclaim, with equal boldness, "Is Crabbe a poet?" They demand an eternal exertion of the imaginative faculties, a continual play and sparkle of fancy, and seem to think our gratitude and admiration more justly due where excitement is given to feelings of romantic tenderness, and where pleasure or pain are described as springing from sources the most remote from such as occur in the ordinary walks of life, than to him who, seldom straying beyond the pale of our every-day world, awakens our susceptibilities for its actual sorrows, and interests us in its probable events. There is too much of cold-blooded reality in the definition of a moral truth for their light and brilliant conceptions of poetry; they would have her for ever like a May-Day Queen, revelling amidst flowers and odours, and, in the same spirit that Xerxes offered a reward for a new gratification, would rather confer the chaplet on one who extracts a single novel emotion of pleasure from the most purely imaginative sources, than the gifted



being who deepens our sympathy with the tangible joys and sorrows of existence, unravels the intricacies of thought, and extends the empire of mind.

I have no possible quarrel with that gentle and smiling philosophy which bids us take refuge in the realms of imagination from the cares and "natural shocks" of life; there needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that "a drachm of sweet is worth a pound of sour," and, that an abstraction at intervals from the money-making tumult around us, for the green solitudes of Arden or the bright regions of fairy-land, is, in itself, so purely and intellectually delightful, that he who can calculate, with precision, on the recurrence of such dreams, may pride himself on an internal capability of enjoyment, without reference to the adventitious smile or frown of worldly fortune. But experience has long evinced that the poet's magic is not of an enduring nature, that we can *not* calculate on the recurrence of its influence, at least, not with unabated fervour; but that every year steals something from the intensity of our abstractions, and renders their indulgence more and more the sport of external contingencies.

..... "We might as well retain  
The year's sweet prime, as bid that spell remain,  
That fond, delusive, happy, transient spell,  
That hides us from a world wherein we dwell;  
And forms and fits us for that fairy-ground  
Where charming dreams, and gay conceits abound,  
Till comes at length th' awakening strife and care  
That we as tried and toiling men must bear."

TALES OF THE HALL.

With this "awakening strife and care," those who have delighted to lose themselves exclusively in such reveries, are, of all other human beings, the least "formed and fitted" to struggle; their ideas of happiness become gradually too rarefied for gratification through any existing and positive medium; they become the victims of their own over-wrought susceptibility, and at every return from the visionary regions in which it was excited, find the contrasted weariness and insipidity of life's ordinary avocations and pleasures, grow stronger and more decided. In an age, therefore, when imaginative poetry is so abundant, writers like Crabbe have claims on our peculiar gratitude; they are really *wanting*, to remind us at intervals that there are other sources of highly intellectual enjoyment than wanderings in the haunts of romance; that in our own visible and substantial world, spite of its money-lovers and common-

places, we may find "speculation fit" even for our most poetical moods, and from transcripts of its passing manners and events, extract a gratification, which, if less vivid, is at least more enduring, and perhaps we may add, more dignified. It is the productions of such men that "sober us again," and operate as a needful antidote to the dangerous excitement and extravagance of more imaginative effusions.

Crabbe has perhaps a more distinct, yet general knowledge of human nature than any poet of the age; his narratives are usually of the most simple structure imaginable, and nothing but genius of the highest order could grapple successfully with subjects so apparently unimportant, and, in themselves, destitute of interest; he never seeks to surprise us with happy contrivances of plot, but for the gradual excitement of attention, relies boldly and entirely on his own depth of intellect, on the fidelity of his portraits, on an intense power of determining and expressing the truth, and a capability of uttering weighty precepts, without incurring the imputation of triteness. His understanding has, in fact, a truly surprising grasp; and it would be in vain, to turn to the pages of any living poet for such masterly pictures of human conduct under every exigency,—such familiarity with our strength and our weakness, our affections and our antipathies,—such a developement of the secret workings of passion, and the minute steps by which they impair and corrode the delicate fabric of the mind. His power of tracing the almost imperceptible change of sensation and idea to which we are subject, while gradually passing from one stage of existence to another, is finely exemplified in the following picture of slowly approaching imbecillity and its earliest indications.

Six years had past, and forty ere the six,  
When time began to play his usual tricks;  
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,  
Locks of pure brown, display'd th' approaching white;  
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,  
And time's strong pressure to subdue the man.  
I rode or walked as I was wont before,  
But now the bounding spirit was no more.  
A moderate pace would now my body heat,  
A walk of moderate length distress my feet;  
I shewed my stranger-guest those hills sublime,  
But said, "the view is poor, we need not climb."



At a friend's mansion, I began to dread  
The cold, neat parlour, and the gay, glazed bed :  
At home I felt a more decided taste,  
And must have all things in my order placed.  
I ceased to hunt—my horses pleased me less,  
My dinner more ; I learnt to play at chess ;  
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute  
Was disappointed that I did not shoot ;—  
My morning-walks I now could bear to lose,  
And blest the shower that gave me not to choose ;—  
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on,  
The active arm, the agile hand were gone.  
Small, daily actions, into habits grew,  
And new dislike to forms and fashions new ;  
I loved my trees in order to dispose,  
I numbered peaches—look'd how stocks arose ;  
Told the same story oft :—In short, began to prose.

Crabbe appears to me the most politic of the champions of virtue ; he does not, like Cowper, weary the levity and thoughtlessness of youth by mere scriptural precept and denunciation, which certainly can gain no additional force from poetry, and are perhaps more disregarded from an idea that they are misplaced ; but accompanies his references to its divine origin, and the divine laws for its observance, with indirect but powerful appeals to moral pride and wordly prudence ; he condemns vice as at once despicable and inexpedient, as a losing game even on this "bank and shoal of time," independent of its consequences in a future state, and paints the misery which follows its indulgence, with such a painful distinctness, with such a natural probability of occurrence, that the lesson takes a deep and enduring hold upon the heart. It may be said that this infliction of poetical justice, even if commendable, which has been much disputed, is nothing more than the generality of narratives in verse, and almost the whole range of English tragedy may boast ; but in these the effect is too artificially produced, it is too clearly the result of a certain, studied, accommodating arrangement of incident, and falls languidly on the sense because anticipated from the commencement, and ultimately hastened perhaps by a combination of events not naturally growing out of each other ; whereas, in Crabbe, the design is never obvious ; the wretchedness heaped upon guilt appears its necessary consequence, and nothing

more; the simplicity of his narrative is never violated to accomplish it, and the impression is as unconsciously received, as, upon reflection, it appears unconsciously given. The Episode of Ellis and Alicia, in the story of "Sir Owen Dale," is an example of this; we shudder at the excess of suffering in which the guilty fugitives are plunged, but while the lesson is silently taking effect, the poet's immediate aim seems rather to impress us with the moral and religious beauty of forgiveness, as illustrated in the conduct of the injured husband.

Hear me, Sir Owen: I had sought them long,  
 Urged by the pain of ever present wrong;  
 Yet had not seen, and twice the year came round,  
 Years hateful now—ere I my victims found!  
 But I *did* find them—in the dungeon's gloom  
 Of a small garret, a precarious home:

\* \* \* \* \*

The roof unceil'd, in patches, gave the snow  
 Entrance within, and there were heaps below;  
 I pass'd a narrow region, dark and cold,  
 The strait of stairs to that infectious hold,  
 And when I enter'd, Misery met my view,  
 In every shape she wears—in every hue,  
 And the bleak icy blast across the dungeon flew.  
 There frown'd the ruin'd walls that once were white,  
 There gleam'd the panes that once admitted light,  
 There lay unsavoury scraps of wretched food,  
 And there a measure, void of fuel stood;—  
 But who shall part by part describe the state  
 Of these, thus followed by relentless fate.  
 All, too, in winter, when the icy air  
 Breathed its bleak venom on the guilty pair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, too, an ague with the winter came,  
 And in this state—that wife I cannot name  
 Brought forth a famish'd child of suffering and of shame!  
 This had you known, and trac'd them to this scene,  
 Where all was desolate—defiled, unclean—  
 A fireless room, and where a fire had place,  
 The blast loud howling down the empty space,  
 You must have felt a part of their distress,  
 Forgot your wrongs, and made their suffering less.

The style of this poet is so peculiarly and decidedly his own, that we cannot easily compare him with any of his contemporaries ; yet perhaps there is scarcely a distinguishing quality in the genius of the most opposite, to which, if disposed, he could not successfully assert his claim ; there is a versatility in his talent, an unrestricted vigour upon every topic, which seems to intimate universal power ; he does every thing for his own peculiar subjects, yet shews, without any apparent effort, that he could do much for the subjects of others. His intellect has a quickness, a vitality in it, and his comprehension a depth and clearness, which, if tasked to the accomplishment of similar ends, would render him, probably, an equal match for Coleridge or Wordsworth upon their own metaphysical grounds. He certainly could not paint a border warrior like Sir Walter Scott, but there is little reason to doubt that he could write a spirited romance. He has not the sparkle of Moore, nor the stern grandeur of Byron ; yet there is an easy playfulness in his domestic sketches, and he well knows to display the dark conflicts of passion. His imagination rather indicates than evinces itself, being obviously held in rigorous subjection to his other powers ; yet it might be hazardous to assert, that if emancipated and indulged, it would not be capable of more light and brilliant efforts. His pathos is deep and unaffected ; and passages, like the following, may shew how little he yields either to Campbell or Rogers in the expression of melancholy and tender emotions.

Then bliss ensued so exquisitely sweet,  
That with it once—once only we can meet ;  
For tho' we love again, and tho' once more  
We feel th' enlivening hope we felt before,  
Still the pure freshness of the joy that cast  
Its sweet around us, is for ever past !  
Oh ! days remembered, well remembered all !  
The bitter sweet ! the honey and the gall !  
Those garden rambles in the silent night,  
Those trees so shady, and that moon so bright ;  
That thickset alley by the arbour closed—  
That woodbine seat where we at last reposed.  
And then, the hopes that came, and then were gone,  
Quick as the clouds beneath the moon pass on !

Crabbe does not evince an equal fondness for describing scenery with many of our modern bards, yet his pencil is as masterly in the



delineation of external objects, as in portraitures of the mind, and as decidedly original in its style; there is the same peculiar fidelity, the same richness, the same vigour, and his landscapes are at all times finely *in keeping* with the predominant mood of the living figures which complete them. An instance of this occurs in "*Delay has Danger.*"

Early he rose, and looked with many a sigh  
On the red light that filled the eastern sky.  
Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,  
To hail the glories of the new-born day;  
But now, dejected, languid, listless, low,  
He saw the wind upon the waters blow;  
And the cold stream curl onwards as the gale  
From the pine-hill blew harshly down the dale.  
On the right side, the youth a wood survey'd,  
With all its dark intensity of shade,  
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move  
In this, the pause of nature and of love;  
When now the young are reared, and when the old,  
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold.—  
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,  
Half-hid in mist that hung upon the fen;  
Before him, swallows, gathering for the sea,  
Took their short flights, and twittered on the lea,  
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,  
And slowly blackened in the sickly sun;—  
All these were sad in nature, or they took  
Sadness from him.....

As a moralist and a satirist, this writer has no living rival of equal power, and perhaps it would be far from an easy task to point out by which of his poetical countrymen he has been greatly excelled at any period. His poetry has the same general tendency with Pope's, but their genius differs widely in character. Crabbe has not the polished elegance of Pope in illustration, nor perhaps the same power of condensing his ideas, but he fixes the truth with more than equal distinctness, and knows more of human nature in the detail; where Pope affirms, Crabbe exemplifies: where Pope defines the nature of good or evil, Crabbe develops their progress:—Pope not unfrequently ridicules harmless peculiarities; Crabbe never lays the scourge but on such as are mischievous;

the one makes us look more around; the other more within: Pope, in his satires, sometimes sacrificed truth to petulance, and sometimes in his reasoning, to the support of a favorite hypothesis; he was more solicitous in the one case to be severe than to be just, and more delighted in the other to be ingenious than correct. Crabbe is never subject to secondary influences; he loves truth for itself, and writes with the consistent manliness of one who would rather amend than irritate—of one who would rather convince than surprise; he has more sympathy with his kind than the bard of Twickenham, and a finer perception of the minute tones of feeling. Pope had one advantage in his wit—it enabled him to disguise occasional poverty of thought in brilliance of expression; but our living poet has no meretricious resources, he has no tinsel when his gold is exhausted, but sinks at once to the dead level of palpable common-place, when he can no longer draw upon the solid treasures of his intellect. He *appears* impoverished, the instant he is really so: this, however, rarely occurs, and only when the homeliness of his subject is too insuperable—too inherently and inveterately barren of suggestion, for human ability to grapple with.

Crabbe's versification has great inequality, and seldom, perhaps, equals the rich and melodious flow of some contemporary efforts. His adoption of the Alexandrine is more frequent than happy, and we are sometimes surprised with such a line as this:

“And thus confusedly made the room half-visible.”

He has claims, however, upon the higher qualifications of his art, which may well challenge indulgence for minor defects, and with the consciousness of having done far from adequate justice to his merits, I conclude this attempted essay.

J. G. G.

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### Beggars.

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“Of all the trades in London, a beggar's is the best.”

OLD SONG.

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It is matter of considerable surprise, even to the reflecting, that in a country like England, where such large provision is made by the legislature, as well as by private benevolence, for the poor,

sick, and destitute, there still should remain so many objects, whose only means of subsistence seem to be derived from the precarious contributions of the sympathizing stranger. But this surprise will be diminished by the statement, unaccountable as it may appear, that the majority of those, who assail our ears with piteous moan, are mendicants by choice, and *not* necessity. I confess, however, that in clearing away this difficulty, another and a greater immediately takes its place :—how can we account for that obliquity of mind, which voluntarily submits to the vast quantum of mental degradation ; and, I may add, bodily suffering, inseparable from the vagrant life ? It is said, that maniacs have joys that none but maniacs know ; and probably there are pleasures, connected with the profession, experienced by the initiated alone. Let us speculate a thought or two upon them, for the amusement of those, who have not matriculated in the college of this ancient fraternity. Startle not, gentle reader ; for I am not going to buckle on my grey beard, nor wrap around me the sober, sombre mantle of philosophy. I have no intention of attempting an improvement of your patience, by leading you a dance through the mazes of analysis ; or of confounding your understanding by groping through synthetical backways and winding alleys ; I am only about to submit a random conjecture or two upon those pleasures, which, in the estimation of a vagabond mind, more than compensate for a vagabond's sufferings.

The conceit may appear a little fanciful ; but I cannot help thinking the mendicant a vain being, and, I may add, he has reason to be so : for without tools,—without a trade,—without capital,—without character,—he, by the dint of his ingenuity alone, obtains a better livelihood than many others with all these advantages. The simplicity of his means, and the success of his adventures, are equally surprising. Our hero is physiologist enough to know that people have hearts composed of “ penetrable stuff ;” and he is philosopher enough to know, that the degree of vibration, of which they are susceptible, is in proportion to the magnitude of the exciting cause. The eye and the ear being the shortest cuts to the magazine of feeling, he insinuates his spells through these avenues. Accordingly, the one is presented with a spectacle so touching, that Dives alone could resist its influence ; and into the other are poured tones as subduing, as ever flowed from Apollo's Lute or Timotheus' Lyre. Can he afford warm cloathing ? It is his interest to deck himself in rags.—Has he a comfortable lodging ? He declares he is a houseless



wanderer.—Or money in both pockets? The wretch is pennyless.—If he fare sumptuously every day,—He has not eaten for a week. Can he see? Behold him blind!—Is he healthy? He is seasonably sick.—Sound and able? He is halt and maimed;—and work is not to be had,—for this simple reason,—it is never sought. Should he require extraordinary supplies, for any particular occasion, he hires a few sprigs of poverty, and with the assistance of these ragged and barefooted urchins, the *tout ensemble* is irresistible.

Doubtless, the wisdom displayed in collecting the means of subsistence, is equalled by the prudence that accompanies the distribution.—On this point I shall pass no opinion; but merely state, that from observation it appears, the gratification of his appetites is an admirable succedaneum for the nobler feelings and purer pleasures experienced by more elevated minds. In the true spirit of Epicurean philosophy, he makes the most of the passing moment; never caring for the morrow, that having sufficient trouble for itself. He drinks the health of his patrons a hundred times a day; and when night is about drawing her sable curtain, he repairs, upon the wings of expectation, to the “Beggars Opera” in the “Holy-Land,” where a cheering fire, an invigorating banquet, and genial friends, comfort and console him for the indignities he has endured in the prosecution of his calling. To describe the fervour, with which potations of Geneva are here quaffed,—the vast and bewildering clouds of Virginia,—the howlings of Bacchanals, and the undisguised and unrestrained gratification of the noblest passion, would surpass the powers of the graphic pen. Briefly, be it said, that in this terrestrial Pandæmonium, vice may be seen in its primitive simplicity, such as it was ere it was disfigured by the trappings of art, and the blandishments of refinement.

The beggar may be considered as exempt from the original curse, which imposed upon man the task of obtaining his food by the sweat of his brow; and I cannot help lamenting, that the indolent hero of a noble poet had not hit upon this excellent expedient to save him from that toil, which is a principal cause of his impious discontent. Had Cain, now, declared himself a pensioner upon the bounty of his brothers and sisters, he might have been a different and a better man; besides, he would have had more leisure for his metaphysical inquiries (I was about saying researches); and the consequences might have been most important to his posterity.

If indolence be luxury, and luxury be wealth, who so rich as the

beggar? Times and seasons do not regulate his concerns. He, like the servant in the fable, eats before he is hungry, drinks before he is dry, and leaves off work before he is tired; so that it may be truly said of him, he is never hungry, never dry, and never tired.—Respectability, affluence and fame,—three delusions that excite the energies of silly folk, are feathers in his estimation. Like Diogenes of old, he treats with utter contempt all those things that ordinary beings set a value upon.

But the principal source of the beggar's enjoyment, is to be found in the gratification of his passionate love of liberty. Let the inquiring mind range over the various classes of society, from the peasant to the peer, to this conviction it will come at last,—that (however paradoxical) those, whose craft consists in the asking of favors, are the most independent of mankind. To the interrogatory of how can this be? it is replied: that begging is their calling; and those who follow it feel an independence of spirit common to all persons possessing a trade, which is generally valued like an estate. But the possession of a trade is not all. The beggar is less subject to the controul of those, from whom he derives the means of support, than the follower of any other craft. He never saw his benefactor before, and probably will never see him again. Each a stranger to the other, the vagrant is not subject to those impediments, either in the enjoyment of life or the prosecution of his calling, to which his betters are liable, who, for the most part, have a regard to the *surveillance* of some respectable person, whose good opinion, it is their interest to deserve. His independence is further augmented by the consideration, that he can open shop, and vend his miserable tale on successive days, at the four cardinal points of the compass. Such conduct excites no surprize in others, nor is it any inconvenience to himself. He has only to brace on his wallet, and grasp his staff, and forth he trudges a confident and light-hearted cosmopolite, deriving from such a course, in addition to the profit, the health and pleasure that arise from a change of scenery, atmosphere, and companions.

In short, he has the art of combining the advantages of the social and the savage state; for while he is sheltered by society, and protected by its laws, he avails himself of that wild felicity which is derived from an utter disregard of those inconvenient checks upon the aberrations of humanity, which are recognized and adopted by the worthier part of the community.

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**Old Age.**

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"Old age, neglected, and in corners thrown."

SHAKESPEARE.

It is one of the weaknesses of our nature to dread an early dissolution. The desire of reaching "a good old age," is an universal feeling. Those who die young are regretted and pitied, because they were young; and the idea of being cut off in the flower of youth is always regarded as a subject of terrible and mournful consideration. Yet if this clinging to existence were not an innate principle, to resist whose powerful impulse reason essays in vain, who that contemplates the inevitable ills to which senility is exposed, in every station, and under every circumstance of life, would wish to attain it?

I have not commenced this essay, with the view of establishing any position. I know that for some secret cause (it were a vain endeavour to develope,) the love of life suffers no diminution from years:

The tree of deepest root is found

Unwilling most to quit the ground:

but let us suppose the possibility that argument could conquer this inherent principle, and inquire into the advantages and disadvantages of a protracted period of existence.

The man who reaches the autumn of life, has so far the advantage of those he survives, that he has enjoyed a larger portion of days; and were life indeed like a feast, at which he who has partaken the most has the least inclination for more, if, when he had "breakfasted, dined, and supped," he were willing to depart,—the balance would be decidedly in favour of the longest liver. But the comparison fails. There is no such thing as satiety of existence from superabundant enjoyment. Men become weary of being from the adversities with which they are surrounded; they are not glutted with prosperity; they do not tire of their load, because it is light and easy, but because it is too heavy to be borne; and if, at an advanced age, life grows burthensome, it arises from the pressure of increasing



infirmities,—the loss of former enjoyments,—which impart a melancholy hue to all around them.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,  
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

Each year, some pleasure destin'd to destroy,  
Robs us of love, convivial mirth, and joy.

Since then, good and evil are so mixed, that in point of actual enjoyment, he who lives long, and he who dies young, are on an equality; since length of days appears abridged to a span, when viewed at the close; and years and hours gone-by are alike brief and breath-like, what is there desirable in a prolonged existence? Let me anticipate the reply: The pleasure of being the progenitors of a numerous offspring;—of seeing our image multiplied in succeeding generations; of being surrounded by our children's children; and reflecting, that we are the source from whence they have sprung. And these are, indeed, delightful feelings. The anticipations of futurity, as connected with our offspring, are doubtless the most pleasurable moments of life. To survive the care of rearing these pledges of affection, and to behold them and ourselves renewed, as it were, in a second existence, is the highest earthly happiness of which our nature is capable. But are there no alloys,—no drawbacks to this felicity?—Are there no dark shades in the picture?—No repulsive realities to dispel the *beau idéal* of this dream of bliss?—If our aggregate of happiness is increased, are not our cares increased likewise? Nay, do we not often find that this happiness exists only in the anticipation; and that the ultimate event is rather the source of fresh disquietudes than an addition to our felicity?—Could we calculate with certainty on the duty, affection, and prosperity of our offspring, who would be childless? But the cares of a family are among the bitterest dregs in the cup of life. The bliss of a parent is connected with the well-being of his children. His feelings are identified with their glory and disgrace, their prosperity and adversity; and thus every addition to his family becomes a fresh source of anxiety. If the chances of happiness then are so remote, as concerns the first generation, who would wish to encounter a similar hazard in a second? If those pleasant feelings, which warmed our hearts in the day-spring of life, when our nerves were firmly strung, and capable of resisting the pressure of calamity, were even then clouded by care, and “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” does not this renewal of existence promise an equal portion of sorrow, with less energy to endure it,

as a fair balance against the trifling modicum of happiness that may be cast into the scale?

But independently of the patriarchal felicity of seeing our grandchildren sporting around us, and which it requires the full possession of our faculties, and a great portion of our youthful elasticity to enjoy,—there is no brighter picture in the perspective fancies of a well-informed mind, than the pleasure, when we are grown old, of unlocking the treasures of our understanding, and communicating to the attentive ear of youth, the experience of a long life. Delightful vision of imagination! To mark the fairy forms of these young shoos, from a stock of which we are the progenitors, catching with greedy ear the lessons of instruction that drop from our withered lips; to hear the innocent inquiries of these second selves, and to gratify that thirst for knowledge, which we have ourselves excited, proud, that the germ of intellect exists, and eager to cultivate it. These would indeed be pleasures, could we be assured of their reality. Smooth would be the rugged road of life's decline, could we seize these rainbow colourings of the imagination, and fix them on the canvas of truth. Calmly should we sink into the vale of years, with such heart-cheering consolations around us. But though this picture of fancy sometimes proves a reality, how much oftener do we meet its reverse! The conversation of age assimilates so little with the light and buoyant feelings of the young, that except in the rare instances of deep discernment and premature expansion of intellect, it is listened to rather as a toil than a pleasure, as a task prescribed, and not as a source of entertainment. The young congregate together, and leave Senility musing in his chair on days gone-by; on the "green spots" of existence long-since faded, and on "sunny hours" clouded o'er with the sombre shadows of infirmity. If they disturb this absorption of faculty, it is more frequently to annoy than to console. A marked attention to the wants, the wishes, and the caprices of age is more often the result of pecuniary expectation, than of that pure affection which is seated in the heart. "Old age," says the simple-hearted, but acute Montaigne, "impresses more wrinkles on the mind than the face;" and the honest Frenchman is right; for who can reflect on purchased affection, (if such a thing can exist) without revolting at the possibility of being indebted for the attention of his offspring to the sordid view of gain when he shall have become "a clod of the valley"? Stubborn hardness of the human heart! That even our own blood, which is



but transfused into other veins, should rebel against us! That abstracting the natural ties of affection and duty, even the sense of gratitude is not strong enough to repay the attentions we paid to the helpless infancy of our progeny with a commensurate measure of kindness to our equally helpless old age! and that weary of our stay on earth, they are impatient to thrust us off this mortal stage; and think, if they do not say to us, in the words of the Satirist:

"Edisti satis, ludisti satis, atque bibisti;  
Tempus abire tibi est."—

"You've eaten, drunk, and laugh'd enough;  
'Tis time to go."

How deeply rooted is the passion of selfishness in the human breast! Parents love their children from a natural impulse. The affection of a mother knows no bounds: it is disinterested love personified; and while it glories in the prosperity of its object, clings to it unshaken in adversity; and when deserted by the world, stained by crime, and branded with ignominy, alone remains to soothe and comfort, and quench with the tears of sympathy the burning agony of remorse! But though, thank heaven! dutiful and affectionate children are to be found, duty and affection do not appear to be decidedly intuitive feelings. They seem to spring from a sense of kindness, and may rather be traced to a feeling of gratitude than an impulse of nature.—At least I cannot err in asserting that the natural attachment of parents is deeper rooted, and proceeds from a stronger principle than the affection of their offspring.

But if, with the means of purchasing the external comforts of life, the aged have reason to mourn that they are often indebted to this circumstance alone for the little attention they receive;—if the obvious reflection, that the brief span which remains of existence is envied, on account of their possessions, adds poignancy to the "thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to," and to which senility is doubly exposed;—how much more acute must be their feelings when they are dependent on their children for support! I have no need to dilate upon this part of the subject:—It is a truth that must "come home to every man's business and bosom."

Nor is old age in a state of celibacy a jot more enviable. A childless old man is like a withered tree in the midst of a desert, whose branches, when green and vigorous, neither sheltered nor shaded; and now, stripped of its verdure, sapless and decayed, it is left to perish in the loneliness of neglect. To receive from strangers,



whose services are purchased, those offices which should only be tendered by the hand of affection ;—to feel our throbbing temples pressed, not by the tender touch of love, but the hired fingers of a menial ;—these are indeed, reflections, bitter and depressing, even when we have the power of bestowing a pecuniary recompense ; but who can anticipate a friendless—childless old age ; an abstracted, solitary, isolated existence in penury, without a shudder, and a mental prayer to be shielded from so dire a calamity ? If there be an excuse for avarice,—if scraping together the yellow dirt is at all venial,—it must arise from the reflection that it purchases an exemption from such ills ;—that whether we have passed our days in celibacy, or survived those whose affection might have cheered our decline,—we are secured by our wealth from absolute neglect, and if we cannot calculate on disinterested attachment, we are at least sheltered from abandonment and contempt.

It has always appeared to me an hiatus in our charitable institutions, that we have none set apart for the exclusive and general reception of the aged. What can be more painful to the philanthropist, than to see them depending on chance for a precarious existence ? To reflect that at a period of life, when they should be nursed in the lap of comfort, they are driven forth to seek the means of support by laborious drudgery to which their strength is unequal, and compelled, in a state of helpless decrepitude, to submit to offices which should only be executed by the youthful and the vigorous ? I cannot assent to the cold-hearted theory of those political economists, who oppose a provision for age, because it would encourage a laxity of exertion in the young. If the contributions to effect this purpose were fairly equalized and duly enforced ;—if it were imperative on youth to administer towards a fund which should afford them succour in old age ; they would have a clear right to partake of it, thus parting with no portion of their independence of mind, and the improvident and thoughtless, as well as the unfortunate, might then have a legal claim to a provision, which natural temperament and an inherent principle, as much as culpable neglect, would never else have thought of securing.

But under no circumstances, save one, does old age appear to me desirable ; and this is, when it is accompanied by piety. I cannot conceive a more heart-cheering consolation,—a more soothing and powerful antidote against the sorrows of senility, than that placid resignation, that calm disposition of soul, which results from an im-

PLICIT reliance on the will of heaven ; which looks back to a youth of error with the hope of forgiveness,—and forward to eternity with the prospect of bliss. This were indeed “a consummation devoutly to be wished.” All the struggles of a life of misery, all the “heart-aches which flesh is heir to,” shrink into nothingness, when compared with this mighty recompense ; they fade away at its touch, and are like a feather in the balance.

I am about to moralize, when my intention was only to investigate. But surely we may be allowed to be sometimes serious ;—and even the young, the thoughtless, and the gay,—if they are tempted to glance over this sombre picture of human nature, which loses no portion of its fidelity from its distance,—even the light-hearted—may join me in the hope that these reflections will engender sympathy for age, ere grey hairs are scattered on our own brow, not indeed with the hope of purchasing an exemption from its sorrows, but (should Providence crown us with length of days) that we may at least reflect, our cup of misery is not merited by our neglect of the old, when we were young ; and that we are but partaking, in the bitterness of its dregs, the common lot of humanity.

### Song.

THY soul is glad with music,  
While mine is wrung by sorrow ;  
But will time bring, to wake the string,  
That youthful hand to morrow ?  
That hand may be all cold to thee,  
Though now so sweetly moving.  
Too oft we prove that those we love,  
Are scarcely worth the loving.  
For others she may waken  
The song that she has sung ;  
Then what avail is each soft tale,  
To which her harp has rung ?  
All dark to thee the song will be,  
That soothed thy bosom's sadness,  
Then list no more, lest thou adore,  
And rapture end in madness.

S. R. J.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF

**Eminent Authors.**

BY TOBIAS OLDSCHOOL, GENTLEMAN.

**GRAY.**

FEW of the English poets have possessed a finer vein of thought than Gray; there is an exquisite pathos in his pieces, which the illiterate, equally with the learned, feel and appreciate. The tones of his lyre are echoed from the chords of the heart; we sympathise with its mournful notes, every sentence breathed from the lips of his pensive muse comes home to our bosoms, and we seem to hear the voice of some dear friend, whose tongue has long forgotten its music in the silence of the grave. The works of Gray are not numerous; he left to his country only a few diamonds, but they are of the finest water, and a few diamonds are more valuable than many pearls. We cannot but regret the brevity of his poems, yet had he never written anything except the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, he would have been entitled to the fame, which he has received from an admiring posterity. Perhaps no performance was ever more read or praised. The very first stanza powerfully arrests our attention; as we proceed, the interest increases, and it is triumphantly supported to the conclusion of the poem. Dr. Johnson, who was not always a candid critic, seems to have desired to depreciate the merit of Gray; yet even he has acknowledged in the most unequivocal manner, that his *Elegy* was strikingly original, and fully deserved the praise it had received. Indeed, among all the whims of criticism, we have never heard of any attempt to convince the public, that they were wrong as to their opinion of this beautiful production. Speaking of this piece, we may call it,

“What oft was thought but ne’er so well express’d,”

for although the strain of poetry throughout is always dignified, and often sublime, there is a bewitching simplicity in the poet’s style, which seems rather to awaken our own recollections, than to excite new ideas. For instance, the train of thought conveyed to the mind, in that part of the *Elegy* where the subjoined stanza



occurs, is so perfectly natural and obvious, that we cannot but wonder no previous writer had adopted it.

" Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Many other passages of a similar description might be adduced but if we begin quoting from a production like this, we shall not know where to pause, since all its parts are equally admirable. It will be proper, however, to notice a stanza omitted in most editions, but which originally appeared as a parenthesis immediately previous to the epitaph, it is as follows :

" There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of vi'lets found,  
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

On the whole, we may safely pronounce the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, to be the most beautiful pathetic effusion in the English language. There have been many imitations of this poem, but the happiest is Cunningham's "*Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*." The Bard is a remarkably fine production. The commencement, which describes the inspired Son of Song, observing from a rock the march of Edward and his army, is sublime, and the conclusion is spirited, and highly poetical. The *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and the *Ode to Adversity* are faultless. But the *Progress of Poesy*, though it has many beauties, is less fascinating. These are the principal poems of Gray, yet we must not forget his lines on a favorite cat, which, notwithstanding the severe censure of a celebrated critic, is a very pleasing performance, and conveys an excellent moral. But we may, without fear, leave the fame of Gray to the public, who have much too good a taste to be reasoned out of their admiration of poetry so harmonious, interesting, original, and pathetic.

#### COWPER.

COWPER, who, to the end of his existence, suffered from a morbid state of mind, and was the victim of a melancholy which darkened all his prospects, and embittered all his enjoyments, were we to judge by his writings, would appear to have been a being as happy as virtuous. But the intellectual treasures which he has left to posterity, were the products of those tranquil moments, "like angel's

visits few, and far between," mingled by a beneficent Providence with the distressful years of a life, every hour of which, when free from the torments of physical or mental pain, was dedicated to the service of his fellow-creatures, and the worship of his Maker! Almost every page of Cowper's Works is irradiated by the rays of genius, enriched with the most exalted morality, and animated by the inspiring glow of the purest piety. In the productions of other poets, we occasionally meet with passages calculated for the improvement of the heart as well as the amusement of the fancy. But Cowper, without ceasing to amuse, is always moral and instructive. He wrote in the full persuasion that the legitimate end of poetry was to convey useful knowledge in a pleasing form. He could not consider a poem perfect, however beautiful in thought and harmonious in expression, if it failed to eulogize virtue and condemn vice; at the same time he was aware that to make goodness attractive, its excellence and felicity, though described by the pen of truth, must be beheld through the sun-beams of imagination, and that vice must be stripped of its fascinations and exposed in its native deformity, ere it will be despised and forsaken. He thought it his duty to recommend to the world the practice of benevolence and piety; but while he sung of Virtue and her reward, he crowned his celestial fair one with flowers culled in Fancy's Eden, and descanted on the bliss of her votaries in such language as we may suppose they use in the bowers of an immortal Paradise. If Cowper had been called on to bestow the laurel—Sternhold or Hopkins would have received it in preference to Rochester. He despised ribaldry, but he venerated genius, and considered the praise of the Creator and the instruction of the creature, such sublime objects as to open an ample field for the exertion of the noblest powers of the human mind. Hence in his works, the Song of the Muse is the Song of Wisdom, but so harmonious, so engaging, so interesting, that all who pretend to taste or feeling, have acknowledged Cowper to be one of the most original and pleasing of the English Poets. It would therefore, perhaps, be loss of time to indulge in a detail of his merits, but a few general observations may be pardoned. The "Task" for beauty of description, imagery and sentiment, deserves the highest commendation: in particular, the Winter Evening is above all praise; being as natural, elegant, and touching a picture of rural scenes as can be imagined. "Conversation" is a fine example of useful satire; it is scarcely possible to peruse it without receiving



instruction. Truth, Charity, and their sister poems, are uniformly beautiful; and he who can read them without feeling the excellence of the virtues they depict has a dull head or a cold heart. Strange! that the author of such rapturous effusions, breathing in every line divine hope and peace, should so often have been tortured with agonizing doubts, should even have been the victim of despair! His minor pieces, with only one or two exceptions, are extremely happy. The *Negro's Complaint* is a truly noble production; and let it be remembered that Cowper was among the first of those disinterested philanthropists, who, in the haunts of avarice and cruelty, declared, with virtuous indignation, that the sufferings of barbarous Africa disgraced civilized Europe, and called on the British people, so jealous of their own freedom, to restore liberty to their enslaved brethren. A good-natured man, while laughing over the eccentricities of Johnny Gilpin, will be pleased with the reflection, that the benevolent author of that humorous poem was blessed with some moments of ease and enjoyment, and felt at intervals the gladness of spirit which a life of usefulness ensures. The tale of John Gilpin will ever be a favorite both in the study and the nursery. It will equally delight the child, the scholar, and the sage. We cannot be always wise—

“In time and place 'tis good to play the fool.”

To open a volume of Cowper is sufficient to discover his beauties, but were we required to point out the triumph of his genius, and at the same time the triumph of nature and feeling, we might refer, without hesitation, to the lines written on the receipt of his mother's picture. The description of his parents' tenderness; her death; his watching the funeral from the nursery window; his belief that she would return, and consequent disappointment; his question to himself, whether, if a wish could restore her to this world, he would breathe it. His extasy in the hope that his parents are gone to the blissful region where all tears are dried, and his passionate longings to follow them, form a whole, which, if all his other productions were lost, would immortalize the name of Cowper.

#### WATTS.

OUR great moralist, speaking of Isaac Watts, of whose abilities he seems to have entertained a high opinion, says “he did best what nobody has done well.” On a candid perusal, however, of the



writings of that amiable character, we shall feel called upon to bestow something more than negative praise; for united with the vein of genuine piety, which runs through all his poems, we find frequent marks of a vigorous understanding, and a fertile imagination. In his version of the Psalms, he occasionally fails, from too close an adherence to the original; but a very considerable portion of this paraphrase is extremely happy, and we may safely pronounce it infinitely superior to that commonly used in our churches. The volume of hymns is a much more uniform composition; here he depended on the resources of his own mind, availing himself indeed of the inexhaustible treasures of scripture, but adapting them to his purpose with admirable skill, and surrounding them with unborrowed excellencies, both of sentiment and expression. The object of the poet in this work was completely attained, his Hymns are always pleasing, often beautiful, and sometimes sublime. Addison's sacred Odes, Pope's Universal Prayer, and Dying Christian, are inimitable productions, and reflect great honour on their authors; yet even if we are unable to find among the Poems of Watts any thing equal to these, let it be remembered that the last named writer had many difficulties to surmount, that his subjects were various, and frequently ill fitted for poetical composition, and that most of those who have preceded or followed him in the same field are generally below and never above mediocrity. We think it, however, easy to instance, among his Hymns, pieces which deserve to rank with those enumerated; literary productions which exciting admiration when interest and affection cease to operate in their favour, merit the applause they obtain. The works of Isaac Watts are universally read and admired: his title to that distinction may be disputed;—the fact cannot be denied. The public judgment, when unbiassed, is an excellent criterion, and in the present case there was nothing to incline the balance favourably, but virtue and genius: virtue, which was not weary of "well doing," though exposed to pain, disease, and sorrow; genius, which

"Shone brightest in affliction's night;"

and when the decaying body began to return to its dust, looked out from the ruins of nature, and triumphed in the consciousness of its immortality. We do not attempt to give examples of the poetical beauties of Watts: it would be easy to select them, but it is not requisite, because they are familiar; they have charmed us in childhood; and in our maturer years, they continue to afford delight.

The Divine Songs formed a part of our primer, we conned them over with rapture at the foot of the hill of science, and whatever advances we may have made towards its summit, we still peruse them with satisfaction. Early impressions are difficult to efface. The joys that excited our hopes in the morning of life, are dearer to memory than the feverish pleasures of its noon. With the recollections of our boyish days the Poems of Watts are inseparably connected, but our predilections are justified by his merit, for having read his works we are at a loss to determine which to admire most, his piety or his wisdom.

#### GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER Goldsmith, whose merit as a writer is universally acknowledged, seems chiefly remarkable for a peculiar felicity of expression, which places his vigorous and original conceptions in the most interesting point of view, as the light of the sun draws our attention to the beauty of a fine prospect, and renders nature the object of our regard by displaying her charms in the most attractive manner. The prose works of this amiable author, the goodness of whose heart is evident in all his compositions, are truly admirable. The Citizen of the World amuses while it instructs, it possesses all the fascinations of an easy friend, and all the wisdom of a grave lecturer, without the idle levity of the one, or the solemn dullness of the other. These bewitching essays, when they seem only designed to please, frequently surprise us into the knowledge of some important truth; and while we appear to wander in the garden of fancy, we find ourselves in a school of morals. Thus, when Prince Bonbobbin Bonbennin Bonbobbinet and the mouse with green eyes, allure the reader, (for many readers are allured by a fairy tale,) who would be terrified by a disquisition on the folly of trifling pursuits, he is insensibly led to the instructive conclusion, that our employments should be adapted to our situations, and that what is highly laudable in one man, would be extremely ridiculous in another. The eccentricities of Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs, the Tallow Chandler's Widow, and the Man in Black, while they excite a smile, teach a lesson. Profound treatises on the various foibles exposed in these characters would not have been half so effective as these seemingly sportive effusions. Vice and folly are monsters,

"That to be hated need but to be seen."

The difficulty is to expose them in such a way as shall produce



conviction of their unseemliness, without wounding the self-love which so powerfully actuates every heart ; and in this delicate undertaking, Goldsmith has succeeded. The Vicar of Wakefield is one of the best novels in the English language. In a comparatively small volume, we are made acquainted with as interesting a group of characters as can be imagined ; we observe virtue under numerous forms, and in various circumstances ; and vice is depicted to us with the changing countenance which it wears in real life. Folly too assumes her cap and bells, and we become spectators of the several antics, solemn and sportive, which she is accustomed to play on the stage of existence. The Vicar is a noble character : in him, the zealous pastor, the affectionate father, the tender husband, and the upright man, are united. Mrs. Primrose is both vain and obstinate ; yet even with these defects, we cannot but feel that she is an amiable woman ; if in prosperity her follies offend us, the virtues she evinces in adversity redeem them all. Her two daughters, though there is considerable opposition in their characters, are alike interesting ; or if Olivia is the most interesting, it is because she is the most unfortunate. In George, we have a finished portrait of a high-spirited and generous youth : in Moses, a pleasing simplicity of manners, which forms a striking contrast to the low cunning of Jenkins. The eccentric Sir William Thornhill, and his abandoned nephew, are extremely well supported characters ; the Flamborough family are sketches from nature ; and the ladies from town are very well managed, as indeed are all the persons who figure in the novel. The incidents are not at all romantic. Without the least difficulty, we may suppose them to have happened just as they are narrated ; yet the attention is engaged from the first page to the last, and there are numerous passages, particularly those descriptive of the midnight conflagration, and the scenes in the prison, which cannot be perused without emotion. Tom Jones has great merit, but it is a dangerous production ; it is scarcely prudent to place it in the hands of youth : but the Vicar of Wakefield is a moral, as well as a pleasing work ; even children may peruse it with advantage, and it might prove beneficial in the bookcase of the nursery. Goldsmith's two comedies abound with humour : they are delightful, if not perfect compositions. *She Stoops to Conquer* retains its place on the stage, and it never fails to gratify the audience. The genius of Goldsmith shines with a steady light in his prose works, but with infinitely more brilliancy in his poems, to which there is



nothing superior in the circle of the British classics. The harmony of these beautiful effusions is exquisite. Pope's numbers are highly musical, and the result is the harmony of art, but in Goldsmith we are charmed with the harmony of nature; all his thoughts are warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires, yet expressed in tones so finely modulated, that while we are transported with his glow of soul, we are ravished with his melody, which unites the ease of Waller and the grace of Pope with a sweetness all his own. Every stanza of the Hermit has some striking beauty: with but little pomp of language, the ideas are invariably rich and appropriate; the mode in which the poem begins

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale!"  
deserves great praise; most poets would have previously run through several stanzas of morality or description. The discovery of a love-lorn lady in the weary palmer, Angelina's history, and Edwin's joy on again beholding his heart's queen, are enchanting specimens of pathos and elegant simplicity. But the excellencies of this piece are generally known and appreciated. To name the Deserted Village and the Traveller is to fill the mind with the pleasing recollection of an infinite variety of beautiful images, natural descriptions, and noble sentiments. To judge of the heart of Goldsmith from those productions, would be to pronounce him the most amiable of men; and in truth he was so: "for even his failings leaned to virtue's side." We do not attempt to praise poems like these, but we may observe, that while the language in which he wrote exists, they will ensure to their author a distinguished place in the Temple of Fame.

#### JOHNSON.

Of the numerous exalted characters, who have at various periods enlightened the world, none has deserved better of his country and of mankind than Samuel Johnson. Useful in every relation to the society which he adorned—amiable as a son and a husband, faithful as a friend, and zealous as a citizen. To the endearing charities of domestic life, he added the exertions of a mind, the mighty labours of which astonished his contemporaries, and continue to astonish posterity. That he was eccentric is not denied. But in him the singularities of genius did not prevent the existence of those virtues which assimilate man to the Deity, and prove more convincingly than the most wonderful talents, that he was created in the

image of his God. When, in perusing a well written book, we meet with some passage, which convinces us of error, removes prejudice, or communicates truth; which satisfies us, that to be good is to be happy; that the performance of our duty will ensure peace of mind, and that the pleasures of the vicious are deceptive; while we feel grateful for the intellectual sunshine thus afforded,—we long to become familiar with its immediate author, and cherish a hope that the man resembled the moralist, exemplifying by his life the precepts he inculcated. But it is frequently extremely difficult to ascertain the real character of the sage, whose wisdom is the object of our veneration, and to whose doctrines we desire to conform. Sometimes we can learn nothing of our favourite author, but that he lived and died, and sometimes we are distressed by the information that his actions contradicted his maxims. When, however, we open the works of Johnson, and behold, in those rich fields of instruction and delight, the gems of truth sparkling among the flowers of imagination, we feel the pleasing certainty, that what he taught he believed, and that what he recommended he practised. Had his inimitable productions been written by a libertine, they would have lost their greatest charm: we might still have called them beautiful, but we should have thought them unworthy of regard; since even their author by his conduct had pronounced their wisdom visionary. But as, in this instance at least, we can gather the fruit of much experience and observation, in full confidence, that while our guide praised virtue, he was himself virtuous, conviction succeeds the eloquence of truth; or, if we remain unimproved the fault is all our own. During the early part of his life, Johnson had to struggle with every species of difficulty: he felt the anguish of absolute want, and the bitterness of undeserved neglect; and to these severe trials were superadded the pangs of a diseased body, and the agonies of a morbidly sensitive mind. That a man so circumstanced should preserve his integrity unsullied, and his heart uncontracted by selfishness or misanthropy, would be extraordinary, but that he should, at the same time, project and perfect works, which, while they immortalize his own name, are the glory of his country, is indeed astonishing, and entitles him equally to our warmest esteem, and our most unqualified admiration.

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YOUNG.

THE poems of Young abound with beauties of the highest order

but there seems a disposition at the present day to undervalue their excellencies, and therefore our time will not be unprofitably employed while we endeavour to show that they are really the productions of genius, and that their author deserves a place in

" The temple  
Where the dead are honour'd by the nations,"

It would however be idle to enter much into detail in the remarks we are about to offer on the works of Young. Posterity has recognized the justice of his claim to a distinguished rank among the bards of his country. Time, the most impartial of critics, has given judgment in his favour, and it would be presumption to argue for or against such an award. What pretensions to taste or feeling can that man have, who, after perusing the *Night Thoughts*, hesitates to pronounce their author a great poet? The poems to which this general title is affixed, are unquestionably very unequal, and we find in them many passages obscure, trite, and even trivial; but these imperfections are triumphantly redeemed by the frequent occurrence of sentiment and imagery, equalled by few, and surpassed only by Shakespeare. While dwelling on these pathetic effusions of a noble mind, these melancholy breathings of a wounded spirit, aspiring amidst its sorrows to that heaven and that immortality which alone were worthy objects of its ambition, we appear to be wanderers at midnight amidst the beauty of an Italian landscape, where at times we have no light, save the glow-worm's lamp; but which is often illuminated by the soft lustre of innumerable stars, and the unclouded splendour of the moon. Poems in blank verse rarely become so universally popular as those in rhyme; yet by general readers, almost in every instance, the beauties of the *Night Thoughts* are properly appreciated; and this, if arguments were wanting, might be adduced as a proof, that they are written with the pen of genius: for if a literary work continues to delight the many, when interest and prejudice plead no longer, we may safely conclude, that it deserves the approbation it receives. The *Universal Passion*, notwithstanding its epigrammatic character, abounds with forcible observations on, and striking delineations of, the various modes in which the changeling folly frolics out its hour in the busy dance of life. Pope's satires are mental caustics; we admire his wit, but are disgusted by the splenetic invectives which attack individuals rather than vices. Young, on the contrary, is never personal; he is a dignified moralist; for while reproving his vices, he leaves the



criminal to obscurity; and while chastising folly, he pities the fool. His satires are, however, dramatic, but the characters he delineates are fictitious; and to the reader that takes offence at such harmless freedom, a well-known proverb may be applied, "If the cap fits wear it." The *Revenge*, though in many particulars a shadow of *Othello*, is, in the closet at least, a very fine play. On the stage, it is sometimes heavy, for its success depends entirely on the manner in which Zanga is represented. The other productions of Young are inferior to those mentioned above, but they all bear the stamp of genius; and on the whole, we may say of this writer in his own words, that his name will be remembered with praise,

"Till time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath  
Plucking the pillars which support the world,  
In nature's mighty ruins lies entomb'd,  
And midnight, universal midnight reigns!"

H.

### Sonnet.

JUNE.

'Tis a wise indolence in month of June,  
Close by some river clear, in shadowy nook,  
To lie in mood serene, with flute or book,  
When Phœbus midway stands in heaven at noon,  
(Like as that angel stood who would not brook  
Adam's re-entry to lost Eden,)—the tune  
Various of bee and bird to listen; and look  
Now vacant here, now there, around, aboon;  
And now upon the pale and jealous Moon,  
At noon-day watching her bright, amorous lord,  
(Closer than chasteness should; then at our shoon  
To mark the merry reveller of the sword,  
And though we may not leap as light as he,  
Hope at our hearts to live as merrily.

C. W.

### On Beauty.

Who has not felt the power of beauty? Nay, smile not, gentle sirs; but tell me fairly, are there among you, those with hearts so cold and eyes so dull, as to gaze on the fair face of loveliness, and feel no touch of tenderness, no soft emotion,—none of that irresistible homage, which our nature pays to this earthly resemblance of unearthly perfection?—If such there are, I envy not your apathy. Ye may “marry, and be given in marriage;” may laugh and weep, and dance and sing, and pass through the world like the rest of the children of men; but ye bear about ye rebellious hearts, that deny fealty to your sovereign; and are justly punished by losing the best portion of that bliss that cheers the existence of man.

Beauty, like the passions, refuses submission to the laws of reason. Its dominion is despotic, and divests us of the power of deliberation. Strength of mind becomes powerless before its influence, and wisdom submits to weakness. That vigour of intellect, which, on other occasions, exalts its possessor above the million, loses here its acuteness and its energy. It is out of its place; there is no use for it, and the man sinks to a level with the rest of his species. What aid will reason or philosophy afford against the attacks of a pair of bright eyes? a countenance beaming with sweetness and majesty? or a voice whose tones pierce to the heart, and leave the ear no power of judging the excellence or deficiency of the matter?—I once had a very sensible friend, who could never shake off that confounded *mauvaise honte* which clings with such obstinate and bur-like pertinacity to some constitutions. He reasoned with himself very logically on the folly of giving way to such a feeling; and came to a right learned and sagacious conclusion, that it was in sooth a very silly thing to yield to so uncomfortable and aspen-like a sensation. Nothing, in fact, (said he to himself) can be more ridiculous, than to quiver with embarrassment in the presence of a fair lady; to feel a tingling sensation, as if a pail of cold water had been poured upon one’s head; and when I should say something smart, to find my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, as parched as if I were in a fever;—when, if I only for a

moment reflected that the sweet creature before me was mere flesh and blood ; that on the score of intellect, she was infinitely my inferior; and that it was her external appearance alone that inspired me with such awkward sensations, I should feel that superiority which would disarm beauty of its power. He tried the experiment. Poor fellow! He was worsted at the first encounter; and shrunk back for ever after into his primitive bashfulness.

If the power of beauty extended no further than its mere grosser influence, it would deserve no more homage than the inanimate perfections of nature. But female loveliness has spirited men to deeds of glorious enterprise, and transformed the dull and the selfish into heroes and patriots. Misers have become generous, and cowards valiant. Lovelace has some beautiful lines in his *Lucasta*, illustrative of the union between the admiration of beauty and the love of virtue.

“ Tell me not sweet, I am unkind,

That from the nunnery

Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,

To war and arms I fly.

True ; a new mistress now I chase,

The first foe in the field,

And with a stronger faith embrace

A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such

As you too shall adore ;

I could not love thee, dear, so much,

Lov'd I not honour more.”

The effect of beauty in the age of chivalry is well known. Woman was erected into a deity, and unshaken fidelity sworn to her charms. There were no hardships, the lover would not endure, no perils he would not encounter, to prove the sincerity of his adoration. Those days of romantic enterprise are past, and man is sobered down into a colder and more rational animal; but though the worship of beauty is fettered by the restrictions and formalities of a more polished state of society ; though it has lost that glow of enthusiasm, which once distinguished its votaries, it is yet triumphant, and ever will be, till the germs of love and sympathy are rooted from our breasts. I would choose no better advocate, even before a tyrant's throne, than the persuasive eloquence of a woman's lips.



There is an inward deference, a respect our nature is compelled to pay to the soft pleadings of a lovely female, which gains her half the victory. We are conquered by the manner, not the matter. The tone of the voice, the eloquence of the eyes, the expression of the countenance, and that amiable sense of helplessness, which looks to us for protection, are appeals too powerful to be resisted; reason, judgment, and even justice, oppose their barriers in vain, and beauty gains what rhetoric would have lost.

The respect paid to the fair sex is a distinguishing mark of the progress of refinement; and it is worthy of observation, that the intellectual character of a nation becomes elevated in proportion to this respect. There is no stronger proof of the barbarism of a country, and the benighted state of society; no evidence more conclusive of the tardiness of civilization, than where we find woman treated with unkindness or neglect. The march of intellect is in exact proportion to the appreciation of the female character; and the great Peter of Russia was so convinced of this, that his first step towards humanizing his subjects, was to free woman from those slavish restraints which ignorance and tyranny had imposed. The Russian husband had heretofore regarded his wife as his slave; as a mere piece of household stuff, without the capacity of thought; and so subservient to the caprices of her tyrant, as to submit to the infliction of corporal chastisement. The monarch thought differently. He drew them from their seclusion, instituted assemblies, and taught the men to respect, where they had hitherto been accustomed to command. This example was followed by Catherine, who was equally studious to restore her sex to the full possession of all their privileges. On the ultimate effect of this system, I am not sufficiently versed in the modern history of Russia, to determine; but I think there is little doubt that the present state of civilization and refinement of that kingdom, (such as it is) may be traced to this source.

No, fair ladies; "man, proud man," must not hope to vanquish you by brutal force, nor by bringing into the field the masculine artillery of his sense, his philosophy, and his learning. Ye are won by gentler means. Suavity of manners; tenderness of heart; and that sincere but respectful attention which your sex as well as your beauty demands; these are the forces, to which you surrender up your persons and your hearts, and which, once yielded with sincerity and truth, know no change; but cling where stouter ones would

quail,—in poverty and sorrow, in sickness and in death, to the object of their first affection, with a sincerity of which man is scarcely capable. Sweet woman! Brighter heads (if not warmer hearts) have written your eulogy, and left me no novelty to add to your praises; but this I know and feel, that I wish no pillow more welcome to a disease-racked brain, than your voice;—no balm for a grief-worn heart, more soothing than your bosom;—no consolation more sincere than that which proceeds from the lips of chaste affection. Various are your tempers, strange your caprices, keen and painful, sometimes, the wounds ye inflict with your tongues: but they are only lip-deep. Sunshine and smiles soon illumine the fair brows once clouded with anger and reproach; forgiving are the lips that once spoke in the accents of resentment; and where your hearts are, displeasure cannot reign for ever. One only favour, let me intreat, fair dames. Be not too rigorous in exacting the homage that is your due. Think not your admirers can do nothing but admire. Remember, we of the grosser clay have to battle with the rougher cares of life; and these will sometimes wear away the keen edge of those vivid feelings, with which we wooed and won you. The vase of purest gold cannot always retain its pristine brilliancy, yet it loses no portion of its value; and trust me, though our polish may be dulled, we are no less sincere, nor less worthy of your affection.

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### The Minstrel.

I look'd around me, and a scene was spread  
Variedly wild and rude; upon a rock,  
Whose shatter'd base the surge of ocean spurn'd  
Foamingly back, I stood, beneath the jut  
Of ruin'd arches, and the spiry height  
Of crumbling columns proudly perishing!  
And the worn grandeur, venerably dim,  
Of cloisters bared to the rude sea-winds' sweep,  
Where Devastation from his broken throne

Of vestiges and fragments, bearded o'er  
 With ancient moss, smiled grimly on the wreck ;  
 The worshipp'd relics of departed years  
 Spread there their dust ; the statuary's pride,  
 Hurl'd from its niche lay mouldering into nought ;  
 And scatter'd round me were the grass-grown mounds  
 That heave in sad memorial of the dead,  
 Strewing the tombs' dark chambers.  
 I saw a being couch'd upon the cold  
 And time-worn base of a sepulchral stone,  
 Gazing in solitude and silence there  
 Upon the rays of lovely light which stream'd  
 Thro' the rent chinks and gothic casements tall  
 Of that lone edifice :—by fits the winds,  
 The winds of dying autumn, faint and sad,  
 Wail'd thro' his tresses dark, and rustled oft  
 The ivy and rank weeds that droop'd above ;  
 And ever from beneath the deep-dread voice  
 Of ocean, shattering his waves to spray,  
 Along the craggy ridge of the dark strand,  
 By tempests clift and cavern'd, soften'd came,  
 And made sad music for the Minstrel's ear ;  
 Till o'er the harp from earliest years beloved,  
 He threw his fingers hurriedly, and tones  
 Of melancholy beauty died away  
 Upon its strings of softness :—it may be  
 On other ears such minstrelsy were rude,  
 But unto mine it had a soothing charm,  
 And till the strains of "linked sweetness" ceas'd,  
 The ruder melody of winds and wave  
 Departed, hush'd or heard not.

J. G. G.

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### Conversation.

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CONVERSATION is in the social, what money is in the commercial world,—the circulating medium ; and it is only to be regretted, that, like money, it has its counterfeits, which politeness frequently



obliges us to pass current. The being who possesses this talent is the alchymist of the mind, who can transmute matter, as the other does metals, and when vested in the gentler part of the creation, there is no subject that does not come mended from their lips. The charm of conversation depends not merely on the matter but the manner, and being ever likely and ever ready to be called on, it often comes in as a *corps de reserve* to confirm favorable prepossessions, or dissipate those which may have arisen to our prejudice.

It has been remarked, by Madam D'Arblay that "pleasure given in society, like money lent in usury, returns with interest to those who d'spense it." There cannot perhaps be a finer or more deserved panegyric on conversation. Yet is it not strange, that a talent so universally admired, is as universally neglected, and that cards are allowed to supersede this delightful communication of thought, and like the wand of the magician, impose a general and unimproving silence. Lips, formed to say the sweetest things, and eyes, to aid the brightest, forget their own influence in a dumb devotion to the deity of gaming. The worst passions of the mind are thus cultivated with avidity, while the most amiable of its powers is suffered to wither beneath the cold touch of neglect, and the garden of the soul is converted into a barren wilderness. The fashion was doubtless introduced by fools, to reduce the wise to their own level, and they have therefore adopted this politic scheme, as a pretext for keeping their mouths shut, a circumstance which few would regret, did they not draw the higher gifted and more qualified part of the community into the same vortex.

Conversation is the channel in which thought best loves to flow; and like a stream, which is joined by others in its course, it gathers strength by union. Accustomed to solitary contemplation, and the habit of writing instead of speaking our thoughts, we are apt to over-rate our talents, and become vain and pedantic. We are likewise rendered unable to maintain an argument; and are ignorant of the various lights, into which conversation alone can throw a subject; and which may be compared to viewing an object by the partial light of a lamp, instead of the full and equal lustre of the sun.

To please in conversation it is obvious that we should never make long speeches, for however delighted we may be to hear ourselves talk, we can scarcely expect the same complacency in others. "Were you eloquent as angels there are some men and women you would please less by speaking, than by silence." Every species of mono-

poly is viewed with displeasure, and none more than the monopoly of conversation ; because it seems to arrogate a superiority which few are willing to acknowledge, however unable to contend In fact, it is wise, in all dominions, to keep the badges of power out of sight.

Men must be taught, as tho' you taught them not,  
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

For the attainment of the conversational art there is perhaps no plan more eligible than keeping a common-place book, in which we may arrange whatever strikes us in reading, which thus becomes imperceptibly stamped on the memory, and forms a sort of intellectual treasury, on which we may draw at pleasure. Locke was so sensible of the advantage of catching these fleeting scintillations of mind (whether his own or another's,) that he suffered no circumstance to prevent his noting them down. And, indeed, whatever contributes to the cultivation of this social and delightful talent must be deserving of regard, for we should not forget that the attraction of conversational powers will remain, when all the other graces are flown, and draw a circle round our arm chair, which even our crutches cannot frighten away.

M. L. R.

#### ON THE SHADES OF DIFFERENCE IN

### The Human Character.

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,  
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein ;  
Shall only man be taken in the gross ?  
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

POPE.

IN characters that bear the greatest resemblance to each other, the skilful eye can easily trace well-marked and distinct features of difference. Consider the human species where we will, we shall always observe a peculiar cast of mind, distinguishing every part of it. The similarity of occupations and interests, which consolidates a number of persons into one plan of action, cannot, even though it continues to operate for a considerable period, entirely efface the impression set upon us at our births by the forming hand

of nature. Were we to associate two children, from their tenderest years, in a fellowship of amusements and pursuits ; and constantly endeavour to inculcate the belief, that they were to remain thus united throughout life, there would nevertheless, I am persuaded, be found, in the physiognomy of their souls, a very perceptible contrast, both as to colouring and formation. Look as narrowly as we may among our fellow-creatures, we shall find none of them twins in every circumstance : there may be a general, but there cannot be a perfect similitude.

Premising this then, it should seem, that, to a certain extent, singularity forms a part in the composition of us all. Indeed, were it otherwise, a disgusting sameness would prevail in every link of the mental chain. We should proceed, from century to century, in the dull and confined walk of our ancestors, without once invoking the divine light of improvement. We should plod coldly through the business of life ; buying and selling the antiquated stock of our forefathers, without once desiring to deviate from the beaten track, with the daring step of originality. Genius would then be fettered in its exercise ; the charms of novelty would fail to give it expansion, and the yet unattained summits of glory be barren of attraction. Now as every soul is formed in a mould in some particular peculiar to itself, there is, by consequence, an ardent inclination to fathom the unfathomed, and exceed the unexceeded, always active. Were the contrary the case, our imagination, our longing after hidden knowledge, would have no influence ; that emanation of divinity would feel the pruning knife of forms and modes, lopping away the beautiful irregularity of its foliage ; and the dullest critic might freeze even the enthusiasm of a Shakespeare.

There is a predisposing impulse in every human breast, that will eventually conduct, though many stumbling blocks should intervene, to the point of its election. It is vain to attempt at altering the work of the Supreme Architect ; for though it be possible to ruin it, it is quite impossible to reform or better its constitution. Education, it has been said, may effect much ; and this I have never doubted. It can afford to uninformed genius, instruction as to the best route of that journey it thirsts to commence, by setting before it the collected labour of ages, the glorious results of foregone wisdom, and the inestimable treasures handed down to posterity from the ancient world ; it can doubtless marshal its ideas, and give them a



regularity essential to success : but I deny that it can at all amend the previous bias of the mind. The powerful prepossessions, which we so tenaciously cherish,—the as powerful antipathies, which we cannot overcome,—prove a pre-direction of our faculties, which we cannot control. Born with us,—our companions in the cradle, and in the nursery,—they must continue unconquerably active, even to the conclusion of our sojourning on earth. Arbitrary habits cannot destroy them, nor the attacks of adversity shake them off; we may strive to flee them, but they will follow us, as the shadow the body; we may use efforts to dispossess them of our bosoms, but they will maintain their empire till the frail fleshly coil is mingled with its original dust.

To what purpose would it tend, were we to make the contentedly humblefollower of the plough a collegian? Grant that he gains a modicum of Latin, and a spice of Greek: will his soul ever become as classically erudite as a Porson's? Will he ever enjoy the library as completely as he did the village wake, or sheep-shearing? Teach military tactics if you can, to the trader, whose chief bliss centers in a fair ledger, and the climax of whose ambition is an equally balanced cash book: talk to him of Hannibal and Alexander; con over to him their great actions, and tell him how delightful it is to repose beneath the widely spreading laurel of glory. Such an harangue, calculated though it were to make the heart of the grey-headed veteran too big for its narrow mansion, would here only act as a sedative. On the contrary, should you discuss mercantile topics, the yawning piece of inattention would be all ear and vivacity. Any other situation of life, in similar positions, will exhibit a relative variety: the mind will in every case give ample evidence of a favorite and fondly cherished groupe of principles.

To assert this or that man to be heaven-born to his peculiar sphere of action, may appear singular; but it is true. Who, indeed, that considers attentively the materials of which he is composed,—who that has read, though but little, in the page of nature,—will contradict it? Do we not all perceive in ourselves a family of ideas and sentiments, widely differing from those of our nearest and best beloved friends? And have we not all some distinct interest to further, every deviation from which is painful? The home-bred desires of our early days;—are they not still dear to us though we are diverted from gratifying them, through the interference of foreign causes? Allow this, and the supposition of an individual's acting by

divine intendment becomes perfectly reasonable. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*, because he was irresistibly impelled to that great work by the anticipation of his future glory. The bustle, that possessed the morning of his existence, permitted him not to engage in his darling study. It was not, however, forgotten. His mighty soul, amidst the horrors of the most stormy season recorded in our history brooded, with the tenderness of a parent, over the early object of its solicitude; and when thick darkness had quenched the eye of the body, and worldly sorrows crowded round him, we behold him free himself from the shackles of accident, with a giant's strength; assert his well founded claim to a companionship with Homer and Virgil, and rise from the dull precincts of mortality,

" Into the heav'n of heav'ns an earthly guest,  
To draw empyreal air."

Excellence, no matter in what department, must be the child of an ardent general predilection; it can never be the offspring of qualities, however eminent, constrained from their native bias. It is laudable, therefore, to encourage, as far as may be, the eccentricity which forms the principal virtue of the human character. There is propriety in fanning the vital spark of originality into flame; and watching and guarding it, until it warms and invigorates its whole neighbourhood. It is judicious to remove every obstruction to the well being of those kindly indications of future and novel splendour, which are capable of charming, even in their infantine state. It is well done of the father, when arranging the entrance of his children on the stage of life, carefully to consult their sentiments as to what are the desirable situations of its eventful drama. Should he exert his authority in opposition to their wishes, the result, it may besafely predicted, will beshame to them, and sorrow to himself. But should he adopt their ideas, and make them the partners of his own thoughts and hopes; should he resolve to give assistance to the ardent conceptions of youth, he will in all probability experience the rare happiness of witnessing in his family, the felicitous union of rectitude, prosperity and genius. The scheme of our lives is drawn by a Celestial Artist: it is our part to see it executed.

H.

### The Laureat's Lament.

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COME, all ye Bulls, ye Murphys, and Mc Dowals,  
List, tho' my Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy;  
Ye that have any pity in your bowels,  
Compassionate the sorrows of Bob Southey.

Alas ! the harp of my young days is tuneless ;  
Harsh is my sackbut and my dulcimer,  
The horizon of life to me is moonless,  
No guiding star of peace or hope is near.

My butt of claret too is quite exhausted,  
The rascal vintner sent too small a cask ;  
No precious ruby drop has e'er been wasted,  
Yet the remainder would not fill a flask.

The reading public, that prodigious beast,  
Kicks at my laurels now, and snorts and bellows,  
And trudge I south, or north, or west or east,  
Critics beset me,—those uncivil fellows.

There was a time,—that time I well remember,  
When Joan of Arc (poor girl) was in her glory ;  
Then 'twas my May of life,—now 'tis December :  
(Have patience, I am coming to the story.)

There was a time, when Radicals and Whigs  
Prais'd my prose verse heroics to the skies ;  
When by the nose I led reforming pigs,  
And found myself at home in all their styes.

That time is past : I am an alter'd man,  
And people say, I have apostatiz'd :  
To wear me out they labour all they can,  
But if they do, I shall be much surpris'd.



"Visions of Judgment," when I please I see,  
 And on my factious enemies pass sentence;  
 If of my homilies they'll heedless be,  
 Can I not leave them a "death-bed repentance?"

Lord Byron does not heed Lord Chesterfield;  
 He rails in good set terms and hits me hard:  
 Let him rail on; I should think scorn to yield:  
 I can rail too, and curse him by the card.

As for Wat Tyler,—my lame bastard child,  
 I paid the parish to maintain it for me,  
 And if the brat has prov'd a little wild,  
 It is not friendly with the news to bore me.

I may despond at times, but since the vintner  
 Is soon to send me a fresh butt of sack,  
 I'll e'en be merry, and despite of Winter  
 O'er comfortable cheer my lips I'll smack.

So God save George the Fourth, my dear, dear master,  
 York's Grace, and all the Royal Family;  
 Shield him, and them, sweet pow'rs, from all disaster!  
 And thus concludes Bob Southey's Homily.

H.

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RETROSPECTIVE REMARKS  
 ON M. DE LA THIERRE'S PICTURE OF  
**The Judgment of Brutus.**

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THIS noble piece of art, which was exhibited at Bullock's Museum some years since, is the work of a foreigner,—of a Frenchman, (La Thierre). I know not whether this circumstance will detract from, or increase the interest of the reader, in the remarks which I am about to hazard, but I feel confident that nothing can so effectually tend to stimulate, and ultimately to perfect, the labours of our own men of genius, as a due appreciation

of what has already been performed by the great spirits of other nations. The man who pretends to look abroad over the various families of mortals, with impartial indifference, and without feeling an honest throb of affection for the land of his nativity, is a fool or a knave ; but he, whose John Bullism is so active as to prevent his seeing any merit out of Old England, or bestowing praise on any but his countrymen, may be a worthy proprietor of bank stock, and a useful citizen, but the less that is said of his taste the better.

To have done justice to La Thierre's master-piece, the spectator should have been fully acquainted with the agents employed by the painter ; but the most uninformed,—the man who knew as little of Rome as of Peking, could not have looked on the Judgment of Brutus, without feeling the triumph of art, and doing homage to the power of genius.

I was almost a boy : my imagination was more active, and my hope more vivid than it now is ; and if I felt, I felt with enthusiasm, when this appalling transcript of history first met my eye. I can still remember the thrill of delighted surprise, the almost tearful extasy which possessed me : how I gazed and gazed, and wondered when I beheld the awfulest spirit of antiquity in a tangible form, surrounded by all his attributes of glory and terror. There he sat, the stern, king-expelling Brutus ; the Brutus of Livy and Plutarch, not the Brutus of Mister Howard Payne, binding up "each corporal agent to a terrible feat," with no fatherly relentings in his keen grey eye, with no forgiving contortion of countenance, a very thing of marble, with nothing to indicate his humanity, except the unconscious convulsive twitching of his hands, half hidden by the drapery of his consular robe. Beside him, his brother Consul shook the judgment seat with his intense agony, his uplifted hands veiled his face, but the big tears gushed between his fingers—yet his tears moved not him who forgot the father in the patriot. Behind the tribunal wept all the "time honored" sages of Rome ; but they wept in vain ; for Lucius Junius *seemed insensible*, even to the eloquence of sorrow. Before him, what a scene!—dreadful to any eye ; what then to a parent's ? His two brave, beautiful sons, amiable and noble in every action of their lives, save the last and fatal one,—the joy of his heart, the hope of his declining years ; one, the eldest, scourged and bound, has already fallen under the headsman's axe, and there stands the Roman Abhorson, watching the slaves, who are conveying away the bloody trunks of his victim, with a sneer of heartless

cruc'ly ; the other has swooned with horror and apprehension. The faithful companion of his innocent days, supports him on his *left* arm, and extends the *right* towards the terrible Brutus, in all the energy of supplication, while the exclamation of "mercy ! mercy !" seems to issue from his quivering lips with the vehemence of despair. But Brutus has no mercy for the enemy of his country. Around, all Rome shudders with amazement. *Here* an aged man clasps his hands on his staff, and mutters to himself, "just, but unnatural." *There*, a group of women, huddled together in frantic confusion, whisper to each other "can this man be a father !" Children, with eyes half starting from the sockets, stare in astonishment at the headless body, the gigantic executioner, the fainting son, and the inexorable sire ; they lift their little arms, and raise their shrill voices for pardon. But Brutus never pardoned a traitor ! Near the tribunal stands the freedman who discovered the conspiracy ; he appears to survey with fixed attention the objects that surround him ; there is a something in his face indicative of self-accusation : but the mind soon reverts from the minor agents to the stern Consul, the conservator of Roman freedom, the unearthly being, who cemented the altar of liberty with the blood of his own children. Hate and wonder, pity and abhorrence succeed each other, and the result is, to use the words of Plutarch, "he is more or less than man." But to leave Ancient Pistol's vein, and talk like a man of this world ; such, after the lapse of several years, are the recollections which still haunt me of La Thierre's wonderful picture ; and if I have failed to communicate my own admiration to the mind of the reader, the fault is in the writer, not the painter. I am no artist, no critic, no amateur in the received sense of the term ; but I love nature, admire art, and adore genius ! And prompted by such feelings, I trust I shall be excused, for having spoken the language of the uninitiated, unassisted by the technicalities or niceties of art, which though sometimes useful, often puzzle and perplex. Of the principal merits of the Judgment of Brutus, I have already expressed an opinion ; what remains is less important, but should be noticed as conducing much to the general effect of that masterly production. The architectural parts of this piece are excellent, they realize our ideas of the Eternal City. The thunder-smitten wolf of Romulus, with "udders all drawn dry," is finely introduced, and gives a character and identity to the scene, which it would be difficult to supply. The costume of the various single figures and groupes is singularly classic and correct ; nothing



is sacrificed to effect ; there is no meretricious glare, no false ornament, no ridiculous smartness ; all is simple and unaffected and Roman. The colouring of the picture deserves high praise ; the tints are vivid, without being gaudy ; distinct, and yet not too deep or metallic ; the objects represented look like what the artist intended. Another remark, and I have done : the colours employed in this great work appear to be lasting ; years have passed over it, and they are unaltered. How is this ? The productions of our native artists fade in the exhibition room ; the beauty and loveliness of their tints is lost in a few months. The Healing of the Sick looks as old as the Cartoons, the Judgment of Solomon is as dull as time can make it. Painters at present are so much of gentlemen, that they despise the labour of preparing their own colours, yet Correggio and Leonardi da Vinci were not ashamed of the task. I have heard the evanescence of the beauty of modern paintings, accounted for by supposing that the drugs of which the colours are formed, are adulterated before they reach this country. This may be true, but it only proves how much vigilance should be exercised by artists in selecting materials to embody the conceptions of their genius.

H.

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### Sonnet.

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SAY, what is heaven ? A place of pure delight,  
 Of perfect joy, of harmony, of peace ;  
 Where angels tune their harps, and never cease  
 Their universal chorus :—clothed in light,  
 They fly thro' ether in unbounded space,  
 And wait with outstretch'd wings before the throne  
 Of the Almighty Great Eternal One :—  
 There sorrow never finds a resting place,  
 Nor yet the ills that mortals feel below,  
 Nor death is there :—the stream of time shall flow,  
 And injure none, for none shall know decay ;  
 No night is there, but one unclouded day  
 Shall shed its lustre, while this mighty world,  
 And sun, and stars, are into ruin hurl'd.

M. M.

## Neckcloths.

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### *Introductory Sonnet.*

Neckcloths, a fruitful and important theme,  
 Some God assist us, while our powers we try  
 Of inspiration; may we catch a gleam,  
 While we arrange Cravats synoptic'ly !  
 Some stiff and unadorn'd as Quakerism,  
 Some full and burly as Sir William C.  
 Repulsive some, and foul as Atheism ;  
 Some smooth and soft as Love's first breathings be ;  
 Some puritanic ; and yet other some,  
 Loose as the morals of Lord Chesterfield :  
 Some not too large to girth a lady's thumb,  
 Or crane-like swallow of book-making chield,  
 Cravats for lord and loon, and cit and clown ;  
 White, yellow-white, blue-white, and whitey-brown.

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IN the course of our perambulations through this vast metropolis, the great Babylon of the modern world, we have been sensibly struck, while mingling with the human tide which continually flows between the Mansion House and Carlton Palace, with the strange diversity of appearance presented by the individual drops of this intellectual ocean. We have thought, at such moments, that much might be learnt from the peculiarities in dress which passed under our observation, and from nothing more satisfactorily than the neckerchief. Experience has confirmed this supposition : we have been elbowed on the Stock Exchange, and have been hustled in the Bank Rotunda ; we have lounged in Fop's Alley, and ambled in Rotten Row ; and the result emboldens us to declare, that the Neckcloth furnishes an excellent index to the mind.

Between Charing Cross and the Horse Guards, we have encountered many a veteran Bandana, "all tattered and torn" with long service, which seemed to "swear a prayer or two" at every turn ; and with many a delicate circumflex of lawn, which forcibly indicat-

ed that the beardless wearer had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and knew no severer duty than that of the parade, a levee day, or a coronation.

In the precincts of Piccadilly we have seen portentous envelopes of wire and whalebone, creased, twisted, and bent, in the fury of disappointment, and exhaling the contaminated atmosphere of a St. James's Street "Hell." On the steps of the Foreign Office, in Downing Street, the Court Cravat, smooth and unruffled, admitting the profoundest possible inclination of the head, and equally at home at a minister's levee, or a royal drawing room, has excited our notice. Near the Fives Court, the Pugilistic Tie, in the shape of a flaming orange-coloured Belcher Neckkerchief, has glared upon us, knotted and twisted most formidably, and discoursing, to the eye at least, of *floors* and day-light-closers. In the vicinity of the theatres, many a forlorn Romeo throat ligature, once genteel, and still beauish, has solicited our regard; while in Chancery Lane, Neckcloths, indicating the profundity of the law, the obstinacy of litigation, and the easiness of gullibility, have crowded about us at every step. In short, we have found reason to conclude that there is scarcely any passion, which has not its appropriate neck bandage. Ambition wears his with bold negligence; Love adjusts the unsullied lawn with finical delicacy; Anger assumes a splenetic rosette, which silently warns you to avoid its owner; Pride has a pound of starch in its neckcloth; and Vanity tumbles a dozen squares of muslin, ere it can succeed in building its Cravat. Such, at least, is our opinion, and influenced by a milkiness of disposition, a philanthropising of spirit, which prompts us to communicate all our discoveries for the benefit of the world in general, we have determined to enrich the pages of the *Speculum* with the synoptical catalogue of neckcloths, which as our knowledge on the subject increases, we shall not fail to enlarge and improve; though we feel satisfied, in the meantime, that even if our labours should terminate here, we have effected something which entitles us to the gratitude of our species, and die when we may, we shall have not lived in vain.

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#### THE CRAVAT CLERICAL.

*Orthodox.*—Of fine muslin, well washed, cleanly ironed, very white, not deep, but substantial, closely fitted to the throat, having two hemmed strips of lawn hanging down in front.



*Heterodox.*—Of muslin, but coarse, washed by a sloven, smutted in the ironing, creased carelessly, put on awry, and plain in front.

#### THE CRAVAT LEGAL.

*Regular.*—Not very white, projecting like a bag, so as to receive the chin and part of the face, much wrinkled, and stained with occasional spots of ink.

*Irregular.*—Ragged Belcher-kerchief, loose and dirty, centre a pad of wool, smelling strongly,—not of otto of roses.

#### THE CRAVAT MARTIAL.

*Full Pay.*—A black silk Bandana, curiously folded round a frame work of cane and wire, a third of a yard in height, most punctiliously smooth, fiercely adjusted on the sternum, secured by a ruby brooch.

*Half Pay.*—A Bandana, very brown and hard worn; the wire of the stock also considerably out of repair, peeping out at intervals, wrinkled as untractably as the forehead of a superannuated monkey; an imitation mourning pin, in value two shillings and six pence, planted in the middle.

#### THE CRAVAT MEDICAL.

*Official.*—White, smooth, stiff, formal, the ends tied bow-wise, but very soberly; you might swear from the indescribable air of self complacency which it assumes, that it had just come from a consultation of physicians.

*Empirical.*—Not very clean, colour that of an autumn leaf, a staring paste brooch in the centre of its rosette, like a cluster of dew-drops at the heart of a full blown cabbage.

#### THE CRAVAT POETICAL.

*Popular.*—A white muslin neckerchief spotted with mulberry leaves, in commemoration of the bard of Avon; "what needs there such weak witness of his name?" twisted round the throat with Pindaric negligence, and prevented from escaping by a lyre of fine pearls.

*Unpopular.*—Very ragged, very foul, washed once in three months; indicates hunger; seems to say for its wearer, "my poverty but not my will consents."

## THE CRAVAT THEATRICAL.

*London Boards.*—Of fine lawn, white as a bishop's sleeves, lightly stretched on an enormously high whalebone stock, fastened with a Melpomene's head, the tout ensemble quite tragic.

*Actor of all Work.*—A tattered white jaconet, often used as a weeper by histrionic Lady Annes, at the funeral of King Henry; not often washed, deplorably creased, highly perfumed, however, with musk.

## THE CRAVAT COMMERCIAL.

*Worth a Plum.*—Easy, business-like, and very clean, excepting a stain or two of green fat on the ends.

*Bankrupt Expectant.*—Dingy, the colour of a puddle in Wood Street, much out of order,—more like a halter than a neckerchief.

## THE CRAVAT COXCOMBICAL.

*In Cash.*—Six yards of book muslin, three hanks of steel wire, a length of split rattan, the jaw-bone of an infant whale, delivered by the Cesarean operation; tight to suffocation, and essenced at the expense of two civet cats.

*Pennyless.*—Muslin portentously black, stock broken down, strained too much to allow of deglutition;—of no consequence, for the gentleman is going to St. James's Park, and will "count the trees for dinner."

## THE CRAVAT BACCHANAL.

*Choice Spirit.*—A little too loose, but airy. Somewhat soiled; but it has been clean; wrinkled like "a wet cloak ill laid up."

*Habitual Drunkard.*—Very unsavoury, rank with tobacco fume, stained with turns of exhausted pigtail; looks as if it had been slept in.—"Our gorge rises at it."

## THE CRAVAT FANTASTICAL.

*In favour with the ladies.*—Adjusted delicately, white as swan's down; tied in a true lover's knot, scented with Steele's lavender water, graced with a hair brooch, the gift of some "lady fair and kind."

*Out of favour.*—Worn with broad hems, funeral fashion; folded very pathetically, the corners projecting in an agony of grief; a symbolical kind of holdfast, representing a weeping willow over a

tomb, inscribed with the weaver's initials, and the motto "Past Hope."

#### THE CRAVAT MATHEMATICAL.

*Practical*.—Stiff as buckram, plain and scanty ; Euclid seems to frown from all its folds, and every inch of the muslin is thickly sown with problems, propositions and demonstrations.

*Theoretical*.—Muslin as fine as a cobweb, fashionably stocked ; elegantly arranged ; Euclid might have worn it in a minuet, Newton at cards, or Gibbon courting.

#### THE CRAVAT FINANCIAL.

*In Office*.—Constructed with all the precision of a well kept ledger ; but more calculated, like Cocker's Arithmetic, for use than ornament :—3 and 5 per cents. East India bonds, Exchequer bills, and South-Sea annuities, legible in each tortuosity of its rosette.

*Out of Office*.—Framed with puritanical rigidity ; the throat it encloses might be as comfortable in the pillory. The bitterness of disappointment may be traced in the acute angles which the wire of the stiffener presents at all points. It is impossible not to know, that the cravat belongs to a needy financier ; it whispers audibly enough "wha wants me?"

These are our hints towards a "*Cravatina Illustrata*."

H.

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### Scotiana.

BY JEREMIAH THISTLE.

—  
No. 1.  
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I AM a native of the modern Athens, as it has been emphatically called, the northern seat of the muses ; a city, which may be compared to eternal Rome, in this, that though her political importance be perhaps departed for ever ; though, in the discussions of the diplomatist, the very name of her country no longer obtains a place, yet she still holds her intellectual empire over mankind, still causes herself to be respected by all who have feeling to perceive, and taste to appreciate the charms and the value of literary excellence.



It was almost physically impossible, that the small and sterile territory of Scotland could have ever arrived at the powerful eminence of the country of the Cæsars ; but in estimating the degree of humiliation, which nations and individuals may feel from the vicissitudes of fortune, respect should be had to their relative situations. An emperor may be degraded from a throne, and a merchant, by insolvency, may be excluded from commercial respectability and association ; yet, in many instances, the former could hardly feel more acutely an expulsion from his palace, than the latter an ejection from his counting house. The political fall of Rome has doubtless been from a mountain, and it was the fall of a giant ; but that of Caledonia, though comparatively from a hillock, might have been fatal to her diminutive form, were it not for that persevering activity, which seems an elementary part of the constitution of her children. As nations, both Rome and Caledonia are bent down to the necessity of following the dictates of others. The glories of both are eclipsed by the exuberant resources and commercial splendour of contiguous nations, which once courted their alliance ; and both have striven to preserve, by the fascinating charms of elegant literature, that importance which circumstances threatened to deprive them of for ever. In contending for the prize of excellence, however, the capital of Caledonia has left the former mistress of the world far behind her. Italy owes her interest for the most part to monuments of art, which are in vain attempted to be imitated by her degenerate progeny : Scotland, though she shone like a star of glory in the dark ages of gloomy monastic ignorance, — though she can boast of being among the first, and, I may add, the most assiduous, in forsaking the never ending mazes of metaphysics, for the flowery paths of the muses ; and though, while the language of ancient Rome was considered the only acknowledged vehicle of literary intercourse, *her* Latinists were the purest and most elegant since the days of Augustus ; yet she has no need to appeal to the compassion of the literary sentimentalist, or to implore a sigh over the ruins of departed genius. The country which, in our times, can boast of having given birth to Hume, Robertson, Burns, Scott, and Campbell, can boldly claim her place among the refined society of that quarter of the globe, where man may be said to revel in the soul's voluptuousness. In the wonder-working operations of art, in the illuminating discoveries of science, and in the celestial visions of poetical inspiration, she has created a respect

for her national character, permanent and glorious; because it is the willing tribute of applause, paid to energetic and irrepressible talent. A grosser intellect, or a mean-spirited despondency, might have now sunk her name into almost as much obscurity as that of the irregular barbarian tribes, whom Cæsar mentions as the aboriginal lords of our island. It seems to be a distinguishing feature of the Caledonian character, that she applies all the powers of mind with the most indefatigable industry, to excel in whatever may be the prevailing taste of the times. In the feudal ages, she exhibited the most perfect model of that semipatriarchal state of society. When that scholastic jargon, which was long considered as the divine garb of philosophy, erected its standard in every academy of Europe, the erratic sons of Caledonia entered the labyrinth of never ending metaphysical and soul-puzzling paradox, with the unimagined and unwearied Hollander; and often became the propounders of syllogisms to those whose love of truth seemed to be confined alone to the pleasure of the pursuit. When the light of the reformation seemed to dawn with a new and glorious prospect of liberty and happiness to mankind, Scotland was its most strenuous supporter; and her sons cheerfully entered the dungeon, or mounted the scaffold, to erect a church, whose constitution nearly resembles the apostolic purity and simplicity. The most praise-worthy bias of the present age is to draw the most useful purposes from a discovery of the most profound secrets of nature. We are every day more and more asserting our delegated dominion over the elements, and I need not point out to the reader the names of Scotchmen, who have been and are contributing to these noble purposes. Praise could not add to their merits; and it requires not the voice of an obscure anonymous admirer, to perpetuate their fame.

"Queen of the North!" It is now more than twenty years, since I last called thee my home. At that time, thy now almost daily intercourse with thy gigantic rival was but in its commencement. Then thou hadst the impression, clear and visible, of thy national manners stamped upon thee. A few years previous to the time I am speaking of, a journey to London was for thy sons an important era of their existence. England was to many of them a *terra incognita*, and its metropolis a vast, seemingly unbounded ocean, from which few of them ever returned. Now, thy coasting vessels are loaded with the emigrants of a week; and all the luxury, all the profusion, and all the vices of wealthy and pampered London, are attempted



by thy infatuated sons, to be transplanted, and in some cases improved upon, in thy less luscious climate. My countrymen inform me, that were I now to return to thy bosom, I should feel like one of the sleepers of Ephesus,—that the absence of what, taking a retrospective view, seems to me but a short pace in the march of time, has altered much the features of thy national character. A few years, forming little more than the quarter of man's existence, have done the work of centuries.

The distinctive manners and customs of my country are thus fast wearing away; indeed, they are considered as appertaining to a barbarous age, and an affectation of regarding every thing English as the mark of improvement, has pervaded all ranks of society. Edinburgh has now its bustling demagogues, its literary hirelings, its scurrilous hunters of notoriety, its time serving paragraphists, and ephemeral projectors, in as plentiful proportion as is to be found in London. All these may be the necessary consequence of improvement, perhaps in the end may be productive of general good; perhaps they may be so many approaches to the grand millenium, or, as some florid philosophers might rather choose to say, the wet and slippery stepping-stones over the foul and muddy brook of ignorance; conducting to that happiness, which man will at last enjoy in the temple of reason: but whether it is, that my happiest days were passed in the exercise of old manners, or that being nearly fifty, I have some presentiment that I shall never form a part of the aforesaid perfect society, I must confess it gives me the spleen, when old customs are treated as absurd prejudices, and national peculiarities are forced to give place to a cold, calculating, heartless cosmopolitism.

The events of our maturer years are frequently suffered to pass, without leaving any impression behind them; those of our early youth are associated with our warmest feelings, and our most ardent expectations. When the spirit is overshadowed by the clouds of the present, we are often led with the enthusiasm of fondly cherished partiality to the past. Those scenes and circumstances, among which we were placed during the first years of our existence, we fancy to be an Eden, to which it is physically certain we shall never return. Philosophy may tell me, that it is also morally certain, that I could never again enjoy them, but I no less delight in the recollection. I doubt not there are many Englishmen who still remember that bond of friendly disinterested union, those ties of



attachment, generated by protection, that not long since subsisted betwixt the good-natured home-bred Old-English squire and his grateful, happy, and respectful tenantry. Many also may remember with pleasure, the convivial festival of an English-Christmas in the country, when plenty covered the board, and hospitality invited all to partake of the banquet, commemorating that bliss which was sent by heaven to all. These shew now only the outline of what they were. The squire is immersed in politics and luxury, while the brave peasantry are the sport and the victims of manufacturing speculators. Thus Time, the destroyer of all things, is levelling his scythe at national character. A new mode of thinking is springing up with a new race of mankind. We seem now so afraid of being carried away by the current of prejudice, that we choose rather to be shipwrecked on the rocks of innovation, and in our eagerness to arrive at an imaginary happiness, I fear we are taking a dangerous leap, many fathoms beyond it.

With these opinions, (you may if you please call them prejudices) it has been the solace of my leisure hours to recollect and embody, as it were, the aspect of other times; to muse upon the anecdotes I have heard, and the scenes I have witnessed. It was my fate in childhood to be much in company with old age. Many years ago I was well acquainted with the ground-work of the ingenious fictions, which, dilated into volumes, have now become the study of the idle, and the amusement of the studious. Little did my simple grandmother, when, on a winter's evening, I used to sit on my low stool by her side, fixing my eyes on her's with a look of eager curiosity, while she pursued her knitting and her prolix narratives together,—little did she dream, that these narratives, supplied by genius with time, place, and natural circumstance, would one day become eager objects of interest on the banks of the Thames.

Years, anxieties, and immediate interests, have not entirely effaced the features of some of my venerable relative's stories; and though I may not impart the same pleasure I once received from the recital, yet, if some of them afford an hour's amusement to the reader, he is heartily welcome to it. These papers I propose to entitle "SCOTIANA;" and faithful pictures of the customs of the Caledonian capital, such as they were in my youth, will be interwoven with my little narratives. To those who peruse the description, it will at least exhibit human nature, in what may appear to them novel situations. I may contribute my mite towards leaving a feeble

copy of manners which are fast receding from the sight ; and, by a more minute detail than minds of a higher order would condescend to,—extend a knowledge of the genius and manners of a people and a country, of which many of the Londoners have almost as confused notions as of the deserts of Arabia.

R.

### The Egotist.

**THE** Egotist is generally a happy man ; for it is the quality of vanity to keep us in good humour with ourselves. Sheathed in this adamantine armour, he is alike proof against the rubs of ridicule and the keenness of reproof ; and is so far a philosopher, that flattery does not raise the thermometer of his self-opinion a single degree ; but is received as the just and inevitable homage due to his desert. You can scarcely offend him, even by an insult : for he consoles himself by referring your sarcasms to envy ; and reflecting that it is unworthy of a man of sense to be affected by the malignity of a fool.

The Egotist is always garrulous : he talks of every body, and every thing ; gives his opinion unasked, and never anticipates the possibility of a contradiction ; but his loquacity is most conspicuous, when he is speaking of himself : on this subject he never tires, and reminds us of the Arabian story-tellers ; for if you were to fall asleep, and awake twelve hours hence, you would find him still haranguing on the same topic ; and could you have retained the faculty of hearing in your slumber, you would be convinced that his tongue had been indulged with no relaxation of its office in the interim.

Is he nervous, or an invalid ? You are entertained with a catalogue of complaints, which leaves no hope of its termination. He taxes your patience and your pity, with long details of sleepless nights and painful days ; narrates his feelings and his symptoms with provoking minuteness ; the doctors he has consulted ; the drugs, the draughts, the doses he has swallowed ; to all which you are forced to listen with a condoling physiognomy, and for which



he as rigidly exacts your sympathy, as if he was the only person in the creation, for whose welfare you were solicitous. If, on the other hand, he is in good health, he annoys you with his robustious plethory; he boasts that he is never ill; not he; nor ever knew what a day's illness was. He has never had any of the aches; neither the head-ache, the ear-ache, the belly-ache, the tooth-ache, nor (he may safely add) the heart-ache. If it should happen that you are an invalid, he consoles you by comparisons; tells you that when he was last weighed, he found he had gained a dozen pounds, but supposes that you must have lost as much; contrasts your personal appearance with his own, greatly to your disadvantage; and concludes by imagining that you live upon air, you look so monstrously meagre. Then he shakes hands, and parts from you with a grin of conscious satisfaction, that the odds in flesh are so much in his own favour.

Perhaps your Egotist is a politician. If attached to the ministerial side of the question, he jumbles together a chaotic mass of confused ideas about the divine right of kings, passive submission, and absolute monarchy. He defends Machiavel's "Prince" on serious grounds; and considers a modern attempt to refer the whole to a satirical feeling, as an act of injustice to the author. He condemns the licentiousness of the press; and hopes to see the day, when every book will be stamped with an *Imprimatur*. Is he a Radical? He prates about reform, annual parliaments, and universal suffrage, more vociferously and more violently than the obstreperous Dr. Watson himself. He never argues, because he never listens. He tells you, if by chance you should succeed in edging in a word, that what you say may be all very well, but he has made up his mind. He flatters himself he is no fool, and that he has not lived so many years to doubt which is the right side of the question.

Should the Egotist be a metaphysician, he bores you with an unintelligible jargon about spirit and matter, which you in vain endeavour to comprehend; for this plain reason,—he does not understand it himself. Here too he has "made up his mind;" and though what he says one moment, he contradicts the next, he is so comfortably absorbed in the dense fog of self-opinion, that he cannot perceive it; but prattles on, as volubly and as confidently, as if every sentence were a truism.

The Egotist always laughs heartily at his own jokes; and is



so anxious that you should not miss the *point*, that he is invariably at the pains of telling his story twice. His commentary is more tedious than the text ; for presuming on the dullness of your understanding, he never fails to illustrate his witticisms by explanatory notes. He has a happy knack of cooking up old Joe Millers, and (*mutato nomine*) passing them off as his own. Sometimes they assume the form of smart sayings by living characters ; and should you hint a suspicion that they are stale, he very seriously assures you that you must be mistaken : he has either heard them himself, or received them from indisputable authority. Among a select set, of whom he ranks as chief, he is deemed a scholar and a wit. He is skilled in magazine lore, is deep read in periodical criticisms and reviews, and may well pass for a living Encyclopedia of anecdote. With these attainments, no wonder our walking volume of Scapiana has a great sway over shallow thinkers, who laugh at his jokes, applaud his sentiments, and reverence his learning.

Is our Egotist a bachelor ? There is no man (according to his own account) a greater favorite with the ladies. He recapitulates all the flattering compliments that have been paid to him by the fair ;—his wit, talents, accomplishments. Can't help their being smitten, but thinks it a confounded pity, so many fine women should sigh in vain. For he can't love them all, you know. Should his roving fancy fix on a Dulcinea, you are either pestered with all the petty detail of their love-quarrels, or excruciated with the sonnets he has made to her beauty ;

For love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone, immured in the brain ;

But vents itself in "woeful ballads" and billet-doux, stuffed with

As much love in rhyme  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all.

Should he get married, he is an equal pest. His wife is a paragon, and his children prodigies. Are you invited to his house ? His youngest brat is flopped on your white kerseymeres, the moment you are seated ; while you are condemned to listen, in all the speechless agony of polite forbearance, to a long detail of Master Jacky's wonderful precocity ; and when you at length venture to place the urchin on his feet, you are dismayed by the visible marks of maternal cleanliness, impressed in indelible characters on your once unsullied inexpressibles. The pet, being indulged in the

luxury of playing with the coal-skuttle, or raking in the ashes, has imparted, by the pressure of his form, and the roving playfulness of his fingers, a sable hue on the modest white, which no scowerer can ever efface; and your mournful contemplation of this appalling discovery is only disturbed by the ingenuity of another of the "prodigies," who during the expatiation of his papa on the wonderful genius of his little brother, has contrived, while searching your pocket for cakes and apples, to extricate your spotless handkerchief from the "depth profound," and which being passed, with all the mischievous sportiveness of childhood, from one to the other, exhibits, when it at length meets your agonised gaze, no unapt resemblance to a housemaid's duster. This must prove an agreeable incident, if you are afflicted with a cold; in which case the deprival of your pocket handkerchief can be little less than a comparative martyrdom.

Supposing you philosopher enough to endure all these calamities with patience, there is a yet further demand on your good breeding:—you must be contented to be a quiet listener;—no difficult task while you are at dinner; but this is the only time when he will allow you to talk, by extorting an unwilling and half lying assent to his eulogies on what his hospitality has set before you. A stale brill is praised for a fine turbot, and a tough turkey and a venerable haunch of mutton pronounced to be as tender as a chicken. He never trusts to servants,—not he,—he bought them himself, and it would be no easy matter to deceive him. He appeals to you with confidence to confirm this sagacious judgment; and you are too polite of course to withhold your assent; though you are satisfying your hunger at the expence of your teeth, which remain loose for a month afterwards, owing to the extra exertion of masticating these tough specimens of antiquity.

Let us imagine you have passed the ordeal of the dinner table, and that you have even swallowed the execrable sloe juice, (which he pronounces fine old port,) without making wry faces, a severer test of your good breeding is in reserve. As he sonnetized himself into the good graces of his wife, of course our gentleman is a poet; and no sooner is the cloth removed, than he imposes the tax Scarron levied on his visitors:—you must hear him read his last poem, which you are encouraged to do with a good grace, because he assures you that you must like it, it is so excellent. With unblushing effrontery, he tells you, that it contains some of the finest poetry in the



English language. This is followed by an exordium in favor of vanity, and of every clever man having a good opinion of himself. "We can't be blind to our own merits: there never was a man of talent yet who was not conscious of it; then why should we pretend to disguise it?" Then comes the poem. I will imagine, for charity's sake, that you have made up your mind to listen. Perhaps you are even liberal enough to suppose that it may possess merit. But you find, to your cost, after two hours' patient attention, that it defies all the powers of your understanding; it is incomprehensible; and you begin to think that he must have studied in some such school of composition as that mentioned by Quintillian, where obscurity was taught as an excellence, and he was considered the best writer, who was the least intelligible. Our egotist rivals that Lycophron, of whom it is related, that he threatened to hang himself, if he thought his writings could be understood; with this difference, that he is obscure without intending it; and would be utterly astonished, were you to hint a suspicion that his readers could not comprehend him. When he has finished, you find that he does not belong to that class of writers, who interpret silence to mean disapproval. He attributes it to your astonishment at his talents; and though he might be pleased with your praises, is equally gratified with his own.

*Ridentur mala qui component carmina; verum  
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,  
Si taceas, laudant: quicquid scripsere beati.*

*We laugh at doggrel poets: true; but, happy elves!  
Nought can disturb the love they bear themselves.  
Write what they will, no fault can they espy;  
And if you're silent, they'll the praise supply.*

In brief, the egotist, is on the whole, one of the happiest of men, according to that definition of happiness which consists in obtuseness of feeling, and a comfortable good opinion of ourselves. He passes through existence, unannoyed by those acute perceptions, which constitute the bliss and the bane of sensitive minds. He sleeps soundly, eats and drinks heartily, and laughs merrily. He has a great respect for the first law of nature,—self-preservation, for his love, commencing with himself, extends in various gradations of preference, to his wife, his children, and those whose friendship or services contribute to his happiness. This is well. But he has no notion of disinterested affection; his regard for those who are connected with him by the dearest ties is only in proper-



tion to the share they contribute to his own individual good, and but for these considerations he would break them all with as little hesitation as the Macedonian hero severed the Gordian knot.

## THE Stage Coach.

BY SOLOMON SINGLE.

"Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

No. 3.

OUR good friend the tobacconist redeemed his promise, on the following morning, by proceeding as follows:

### *The Brownie of Blackencliff Muir.*

"Now, sirs, I red ye tak' tent, that the thing whilk I am aboot to relate, is nane o' yer random hearsay fuilishness, but an indisputable fac'; tul the creedibility o' whilk, my ain lugs and een were witnesses; and, as ye may weel imagine, vara unwilling anes: mair by token, that it was a fearsome nicht, an' tuik place in as boggily a bit as ony in a' Scotland.

"Ye maun ken, sirs, that aboot eight or nine years syne, I keepit a sma', but, ye'll observe, a vara sponsible an' well kenn'd establishment, in a certain hamlet or village, west o' Glasgow. In fac', I might ca' it a town, an' tell nae lie; but that's a matter o' sma' consequence tul my story; an' ye southron gentles can no mind our lang names o' places. Sae, I'll just gang on tul the preceese circumstance, whilk is the subject o' my present discourse. Aweel, sirs; ye maun understan' that ae day my gudewife drappit aff in a pleurisy, the whilk was a sair mishap tul me; for a douce woman she was, an' a discreet, an' kenn'd weel to haud a' things thegither. Howbeit, sirs, she gaed hence, as I was saying; an' I gar'd a headstane be set up, as a decent widower sud, ye ken, an' behoved to grieve nae langer than was just creditable. But, some gate or

ither, when I sat mysel' down alane i' the ingle cheek at e'en, it aye cam' into my head, that something was no just as it sud be. Making ane's ain brose is uncreditible kind o' wark; an' I whiles feared (to speak plain truth) that something no cannie might gie the spoon a whisk roun' when nae living body was at hand, whisk wad hae been mair than I could weel bide at the bauldest o' times.

Aweel, sirs; business haudin' brisk, an' ither worldly matters taken a gude turn, I behoved to bring hame a daughter o' my second brither, (he's dead an' gane, puir fellow!) just to haud things in order, an' claver the waesome things out o' my head, as women folk understan' the trick o' richt weel. But, wae's me! the difference atween ae woman body an' anither. Ou, Sirs! This lassock wur a giddy thing; an' gaed straving wi' this jo tul that place, an' wi' that jo tul anither place, as gawcie as any queen i' the land. Wha but she!

Buskin her cockernony, an' a' that. Aweel, sirs; amang ither idle cummers, there cam a lang legged loon, that soon turned my decent house upside down. The puir silly thing o' a lass behoved to tumble ower the lugs i' luve; less wadna serve her: an' the brazen-face himsel' was aye fashing me wi' letters, that whiles I wad hae liked weel to hae skelpit his lugs for. But, sirs, the fallow was a scholar,—a gran' scholar; nae less, as gude reason I hae to saysae, an' kent mair than the like o' us, feckless mortals, sud do, ye ken; puir sinfu' creatures that we are. In fac', tho' it's an awsome an' maist anti-christian thing to hear tell o',—he was as deep i' the deevil's books, as Michael Scott himsel', or that titled wisard, that fire-brand o' the bottomless, that flingit his castle keys over his left shoulder, for some lang nebbit thing or ither to grippie an' tak' tent o', while he gaed awa', as folk may read o' i' the auld world chronicles, ye ken. Oul he was a limb o' the enemy, an' spak' o' things that gar'd the hair o' yer head stan' up like harrow spikes.

Now, Sirs, ae winter's e'ening, wha, think ye, stappit ben, an' sat himsel' down by the ingle, like a grand mon an' a proud, but this same graceless,—this evil ane,—this Michael Muckleken, as they ca'd him? an' fixit his een on me wi' as awsome a glour as ever mortal mon beheld! He was at his cantrips then, I se be his caution, an' wad hae gi'en me my fairing that nicht, gin I had nae mumbled ower a wheen odds an ends o' prayer, that cam readily to mind. Aweel, sirs; we had a lang an' a fearsome communing; for he aye spak' darkly, ye ken, an' whan I bad him gae hence an' cast his evil een nae mair on the bit silly lassie, the loon gied a loup frae his



stool, an' said wi' a scornfu' grin :—" Gudemon, ye hae spoken the word. I wull gae hence ; and that forthwith. But diinna ye fash yer thumb anent the lassie : tak' ye nae tent tul her. For as canker'd an' as dour as ye sit there, I tell ye, carle (an' I hae it frae a sure hand) that gin ye wull no gie her yer consent, ye wull gie her a tocher ; an' that's a kinder deed, ye ken. I red ye think weel o't, an' do things wi' a gude grace ; for I tell ye ance mair, or the morn's morn, ye wull clink down on my counter, be it where it may, aneugh to buy wedding brows, an' rig out a sponsible hallan forbye. An' sae gude e'ening tull ye, an' a pleasant ride ower Brackencliff Muir, gude mon." Whilk having said, he out, an' the door steekit to wi' a bang like thunner.

Eh ! sirs ; thae were dour words, an' uncanny. Mair by token, that ower Brackencliff Muir, that e'ening, come dog or come deevil, there was a downright necessity for me to tak' horse an' ride ; seeing that I had just gotten a scrap o' writing frae the lang laird o' Nippetfell, wha was my ain cousin by the mither's side ; an' being troublit wi' a sair conscience on his death-bed, puir mon, in regard o' certain siller it had pleased him an' the de'il to wrang me out o', had just fixed on that preceese e'ening to refund the same for his saul's comfort. An' sae, kenning that living or dying, he was a mon to be taken at his word, I behoved to pit fit i' stirrup, an' awa ; crossit Brackencliff Muir i' the gloaming, an' syne reachit Nippetfell house, pouchit the siller, ye ken, an' jalousing an ill turn frae the fause wisard, Muckleken, gin I ventured ower the muir at dark, gar'd the women folk sort me a bed, an' sticking a pipe i' my gab, set the deevil himsel' at defiance for that night.

But, waeome ! I little kenn'd what was brewing ! Helter-skelter comes a bit laddie on a black nag, wi' an awsome song : " Gude mon ! gudemon ! There's Michael Muckleken fleeing awa' wi' yer Janet, an' a' the snuff caddies an' backy jars. They're awa' for England, an' ye're ruined stoup an' roup ? " Eh ! sirs, but I was mounted an' aff like a fleeing dragon or anither minute gaed ower my head, spanged the rowels i' the auld mare's flanks, an' let nae grass grow under her hoofs, or she gaed ance mair ower Brackencliff muir ; an' awfu' an' a' sorrowfu' wilderness, as I weel mind ; an' the road was ill to tak' for mon or beast ; sair broken, ye ken, an' cumbered wi' ugly stumpies o' aik, forbye wi' bushes an' muckle stanes. Sae I behoved to tak' breath an' pull bridle, an' gang forward at a mair discreet pace, keeping a gude look out for uncanny things,



whilk it was kenn'd liked weel to whurry ower Brackencliff muir, under cloud o' nicht, an' gie ony decent body a grippie or a wallop, sorrow be i' their spitefu' carcasses! Aweel, sirs, on gaed Maggie, ower stane an' stump; an' i' the bitterness o' my grief, I whiles wished to hae the wringing o' Muckleken's craig, or the prodding a dirk i' his wame, or some sic gude deed, whilk, ye ken, wad hae been a' weel aneugh in a beseeming place an' gude day licht; but was no that prudent to speak o' on the brown muir, an' lord kens what worricrows fleeing ower ye to snap up a wrang word. An' what's waur than a', it's no to be disputed, that I whiles slippit out an alth or twa mair than I sud hae done, whilk is a dangerous tempting o' providence; an' doubtless gies power tul the auld enemy in sic boggily bits. For just then the clouds gathered i' the lift as black as a kail pot; an' the wind cam' roaring ower the muir like a bull o' Boshan. Ou! but it grew a fearsome nicht; an' ae fearsome thing (forbye an unfortunate) chanced tul me or it gaed ower. Ye maun ken, sirs, that auld *Steenie Swing-i'-the-lift* was hanged on Brackencliff muir, for knocking out a traveller's harns, honest mon; and they digget a pit on the spot, an' tumbled him down, an' aye syne, ilka body that gaes by chucks a stane on the grave sod. Now, sirs; just whan I reachit that sorrowfu' spot, an' was glowering at *Swing-i'-the-lift's* cairn, puir fallow! there loupit up the fearsomest thing that ever mortal mon lookit upon. My flesh creepit alang my banes; the bridle slippet frae my hand, the hair o' my head amaist lifted my bonnet; an' I gied a grane that ye nicht hae heard a mile down the wind. Ou! sirs, but the thing had a grewsome carcase o' its ain, an' a lang an' a crooked, as I weel minded by the bit gliff o' starn-licht that wanner'd thro' the clouds; an' it danced an' it tumbled ower the cairn-stanes, as nae living thing could hae dancit or tumbled, Ise be yer caution; an' syne loupit till my vara side, wi' an eldritch croon that gaid thro' my lugs like sharpit needles. Sair fleigh'd was Maggie, puir beastie! an' wad hae spanged aff like a wild duck; but the lang shankit thing grippet haud o' the bridle, an' squeekit out: "Bide a bit wi' the Brownie, gudemon, an' when midnight comes, we'se gie *Swing-i'-the-lift* a ca', an' hae a blythe dance on the muir. For him that can whistle the dead frae ther coffins is awa' wi' bonnie Janet, ye ken; an' for ilka stane on yon cairn, ye'se send the bride a goud guinea, or gang tul a could bed wi' a guppit wizard, an' nane but the Brownie to straught ye, gudemon!"

I could nae langer bide. My bluid froze; my heart knockit again my ribs; my head span roun' like a top. I gied the muckle purse a vengefu' fling on the ground, an' roaring wi' desperation, "Tak' the siller, ye imp o' hell I' stack baith spurs i' Maggie's sides, an' or the grewsome thing clickit up the pouch, was scouring awa, ower bush an' ower brake, an' reachit my hame mair like a corpse than a living mon; for there was nae a drap o' bluid i' my cheeks, an' the sweat hailed aff my brow, an' my teeth were clencht sae fast that ye could nae loos'd them wi' a chissel an' a mallet, an' my een goggled and glared like het grissocks.

Now, sirs, ye sall just ken, that sure aneugh, Janet had ta'en aff wi' the fause wisard. Howbeit, nane o' my warldly gudes were hurried awa', as I had muckle cause to jalouse, bnt it soon gat wind. Muckleken sported a lang purse on the morn's morn; an, in fac', it's no to be doubted that the fearfu' thing, whilk mis-set me that luckless nicht, was ca'd up by his cursed cantrips to despoil me o' the same. There was nae law for it, ye ken, as in the gude auld time, or, de'il be in my fingers, gin he sud nae ha'e had a chain an' a tar-barrel. But I behoved to hand a calm sough anent the matter; mair by token, that the hellicat fallow lived lang in our country side; an' mony ane sin has been waur used than mysel' by the *Brownie o' Brackencliff Muir*.

G. G.

## Marina.

### A RUSSIAN TALE.

[Concluded from p. 288.]

"Loyal and noble men of Novgorod, ye wrong our hospitality to eat in churlish silence. Had the well beloved Sigismund presided where the unwelcome Ivan now presides, ten thousand goblets had been brimmed in extasy; ten thousand voices had clamoured his name to heaven. Nay, even our Ghostly Father had smiled upon the festival!"

"Dread sovereign,"—said the venerable Archbishop, rising,



but Ivan broke upon his speech, and exclaimed. "Thou saintly Traitor! pollute not the air we breathe with the accents of treason and hypocrisy; what ho! there; seize upon this monster of treachery—this fiend in sacerdotal array, who tampers with the deadly foes of his sovereign, and would betray his cities and his castles into their hands. Drag him to the monastery of the Perunki Monaster,\* and let him waste a wretched existence in its darkest cell!"

As the guards advanced to obey the mandate of Ivan, Marina uttered a faint cry of horror, and forgetting her own danger in the misery of her sire, sprung forward to embrace him, but was dragged apart and repulsed with such brutal violence, that she fell insensible on the pavement; the slave, whose earnest and unremitting scrutiny had before awakened her alarm, now drew her from the banquetting chamber, and being joined immediately by two others, they bore her to an unoccupied apartment. How or whither they past from thence none could guess, or probably felt not sufficient interest to enquire, but neither Marina nor the slaves who assisted her, were seen again in the palace.

Meanwhile, the unhappy prelate was hurried from his palace to pine for ever in the gloomy cells of the Perunki Monaster, and as the dejected nobles gazed silently on this first instance of their sovereign's resentment, he again addressed them, bursting at once into passionate invective, as if the fury he had hitherto suppressed to indulge in the bitter coolness of sarcasm, now rushed upon his soul with a resistless frenzy.

Measureless traitors! for you I have devised a speedier and a fiercer punishment! for you—who have linked heart and hand with yonder rebel priest to spurn me from my own. For you, who would have crouched like dastard curs to kiss the invading foot of Sigismund Augustus, and hugged the fetters he threw on your false necks—for you, the ministers of slaughter already bare the destroying arm; and even in the halls devoted to your plots of treachery, even at the board where ye have pledged your sovereign's foes in your proud revels,—your sovereign's vengeance shall overwhelm you! The shadow of my eagle's wing is upon you,\* and the terrific havoc of his swoop shall be told and trembled at in distant regions, when

\* This monastery is said to have been built on the ruins of an ancient temple dedicated to Perun, or the God of Fire, formerly worshipped there under the figure of a Deity holding a thunder-bolt in his hand.

\* He bore the black Eagle in his standard.



your temples are roofless, and the deer browse unmarked in your voiceless and deserted streets! Slaves of the false Poland! be the curse of Ivan heavy on your treason! Spotted souls! do, thus I pour the vial of destruction on Novgorod!

With these words the enraged monarch threw up a goblet of wine, and gave the signal for slaughter by striking his sabre into the heart of one of the chief nobles. Then followed a scene of horror, to which could the pen do justice, humanity would weep tears of blood in the perusal; to use the words of the northern minstrel,

"Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell!"

Nobles and citizens—senators and menials—women and slaves, fell in mangled heaps through the apartments of the Archiepiscopal palace, and the merciless tyrant who gave the mandate, scrupled not to labour himself in its fulfilment; all who were within the limits of those devoted walls, perished in agony, and the shrieks of expiring wretches tumbled in bleeding masses upon each other, echoed to the most distant parts of the city. The whole host of military barbarians which had followed Ivan from Alexandrovo Slobodo, was then animated to complete the work of destruction, thus horribly commenced; \* piles of carnage arose in every street, the ice of the Volkhop was broken; and thousands thrown over the bridge which joins the castle to the city, while the flames in which numerous august fabrics were wrapped, threw a fierce radiance far and wide over the scenes of tumultuous horror; and the thunder of falling steeples and turrets added its astounding voice to the terrors of the night. Such was the fate of that unhappy city, of which in former days of magnificence and prosperity, it was proverbially common to ask,

"Who can hurt God  
Or Novgorod?"

Morning came at length, but heavy and dark clouds blotted the sun from the despairing eyes of Ivan's remaining victims: Ruric, who had seconded the arm of his homicidal master with a spirit worthy the confidential slave of a tyrant, and only quitted the work of havoc, when none but wretches of an inferior order were left to

\* The inhuman orders of Ivan to the Opritchniki were in these terms, "Irruite in hos perfidos, secate, dissecate, trucidate, neminemque vivum relinquite." In the space of five weeks twenty-five thousand wretches perished by indiscriminate slaughter, and the unhappy city never again recovered." Vide Guagnini, p. 191.

immolate, awoke from a short and troubled sleep in one of the castle towers, and ruminated on the preceding tragedy. His thoughts turned to Marina—he recalled the affirmation of various domestics that she was within the palace at the moment of his entrance; he remembered that the gates were instantly closed and guarded, and felt some returning feelings of compunction, when the conviction followed that she must necessarily have perished in some obscure disguise, among the hecatombs of the last night's horrible sacrifice. It is true, the pure passion of love could have little share in the composition of a soul like Ruric's; but youth, beauty, and innocence, have an ameliorating charm for the most stern and savage, and this slight visitation of remorse was succeeded by an indignant reflection on the Czar's forgetfulness or violation of his promise. Ivan, it will be recollected, assured his favorite on their approach to the city, that he would demand Marina from her sire during the banquet, and suspend his purposed infliction till she was delivered into his power. This, however, in his sanguinary impatience he had forgotten or neglected, and disappointed pride was now stirring all the demon in the breast of his satellite, when a centinel announced that the son of a boyar demanded audience, and on his life and safety being assured, would make an important communication to Lord Ruric.

"Admit him."

The stranger was ushered in, and after a hurried obeisance, briefly intimated his knowledge of certain circumstances relative to the daughter of the Archbishop. "Ha!" exclaimed Ruric, "of Marina? Speak, does she yet exist? Tell me, has she survived the slaughter?"

"Aye, Lord Ruric,—and her youthful lover, the favored Alexis, shares her safety."

"Curses on his fortune and presumption! But say, stranger, and briefly, whence is your information?"

"From a sure source," answered the stranger, "from Alexis."

"Alexis! know you the base hind?"

"He was the friend of my boyhood: but an offence—it recks not now to name the cause, has obliterated the remembrance of kinder hours; I *hate* Alexis, and though he suspects not my fidelity, will play the traitor for revenge. 'Tis said that his nature is generous: if so, it will be sufficient torture to learn that the being he once loved, has betrayed and ruined him."



The stranger then proceeded to state that on the preceding night, a short time before the massacre in the palace, Alexis, dressed as a slave, encountered him in an adjacent square, and avowing his passion for Marina, her disguise, and danger, adjured him by their ancient friendship to further, with his aid and counsel, a scheme for their mutual deliverance. Three friends within the palace, were already at his devotion, and had promised to snatch Marina from danger by a secret passage communicating between the street and one of the apartments; by this he had himself obtained egress, to secure, if possible, another friendly agent in the design, and prepare, as he best might, the means of escape to Plescow. Marina, he informed him, would be conveyed by her deliverers to a cavern in the forest of Vologduno, where, in a recess known to the party, and constructed with such nicety of art that no human eye could detect its existence, they might remain till the heat of pursuit was past; Alexis, and such friends as he could secure, joining them before day-break."

"Did you not swear then to assist him?" asked the impatient Ruric,—Did you not win from him the secret of the recess?"

"Unfortunately, no—the woman's mood came upon me, and I replied to his solicitations with scornful refusal. But mark, Lord Ruric: the recess of the cavern was constructed for nameless purposes by the false Archbishop. Now will I teach you a trap that can hardly be baited in vain. Your interest with the Czar is boundless. Let the prelate's abode be changed for a monastery in Plescow. Let the guards who accompany him be few in number, and tutored, on reaching the forest, to affect commiseration for his sufferings; let them offer to betray their trust and give him liberty; meanwhile it shall be artfully disclosed to him that the recess conceals his daughter and her lover, that chance and treachery have revealed it to the Czar, whose commands are issued to drag them from their retreat. Will not the deceived traitor fly to warn them of the impending danger, and thus be himself the instrument of their fate?"

Saints of heaven!" exclaimed Ruric, "they are already in my grasp. Disguised as a Circanian Tartar, I will myself attend the completion of your design, and when I again behold Marina, doubt not, stranger, your services shall be splendidly guerdoned."

The favorite of Ivan then ordered attendance and refreshment for his unknown ally, and quitted the apartment; not neglecting (with the usual suspicion of men in power) to place a guard over the



stranger, with strict commands that on no pretence should he be suffered to quit the castle. With what arguments Ruric prevailed on Ivan to change the abode of the Archbishop, it is now needless to inquire; he succeeded, however, in his aim, and a monastery in Plescow was named as the ultimate abode of that unfortunate prelate. A guard was immediately appointed, and every preparation hastily made for travel; Ruric and the young boyar, disguised as Tartars of Circania joined the cavalcade at the gate of the Perunki Monaster, and pushing forward at a brisk rate through the desolate streets, in which nothing was distinguishable but piles of unburied slain, the melancholy howling of dogs, or protracted groans and murmurs of some half-expiring wretch, to whom a finishing stroke had been mercy—they reached the suburbs, and were soon on the great road to Plescow, or as it was once called, Pskow; the capital of the province of Plescow in Muscovy Proper, and an archiepiscopal see. On reaching a village, about seven wersts from Novgorod, the greater number of the guard were commanded to halt, and there await the return of Ruric and their comrades, now reduced to only ten. These were diligently schooled in the artifice about to be practised on the Archbishop; and having been chosen for the purpose as possessing rather more quickness of apprehension than usually distinguished the Russian soldiery, soon comprehended the nature of the parts they were to play. Their impatient leader and his companion took equal pains to conceal their features from the prisoner, the former aware that every thing depended on his remaining unknown, and the latter expressing some apprehensions that the prelate might recognize him as a late acquaintance of Alexis, and consequently suspect a treacherous design in the approaching farce, since it was scarcely probable that a boyar of Novgorod would be admitted to the confidence of the avenging powers, unless for some sinister intention.

"Think ye," said Ruric to the stranger, in a guarded tone, "the objects of our stratagem will not, ere this, have quitted their rocky retreat, and speeded their course for Plescow?"

"Doubtless not," was the answer; "common prudence would dictate the necessity of keeping their lurking place, till the violence of pursuit abated, and it might be conjectured they had perished among the wretched multitudes who, last night, suffered for the crimes of their rebellious nobles."

The snow was hard and firm, and they rode on several wersts,

when the road suddenly wound among steep and precipitous cliffs,

"Rent by primeval earthquakes' shock."

Their shattered pinnacles crowned with snow, and bearing a thousand grotesque resemblances. The party entered a narrow defile between two continuous links of this rocky chain, and proceeded a considerable way in silence, projecting masses of crag darkening their path, and attached to their parent cliff by such apparently precarious cohesion, that the light leap of the squirrel might almost be sufficient to startle them from their slumber of ages, and crush the travellers beneath, to indistinguishable shapelessness.

"By St. Anthony of Padua," said Ruric, yielding to his military associations, "a brave spot this, for three or four gallant souls to hold their own, and keep level spear against invading hundreds!" He had scarcely spoken, when a huge knoll or fragment was violently dislodged from above, and thundering down the defile of the rear of the party, buried two horsemen in its ruins. A loud shout or yell of triumph followed, as a terrible indication of the cause: three more of the guard were immediately shot dead on their saddles, and a bullet whistled over the ermined cap of Ruric.

"Ha! treachery!" exclaimed the astonished Favourite, and with the stern decision that marked his character, thrust his spear into the very brain of the unhappy Primate, who fell to the earth without a groan, and was instantly trampled over by the flying courser of one of the guards, that terrified at the shouts and firing, broke headlong from the conflict, and leaping a precipice, was dashed to atoms with his rider. Several armed men now bounded down the cliffs of the defile, and a fierce struggle ensued with the surviving train of Ruric; he himself spurred towards the press, but at that moment his horse fell dead under him, and he had scarcely power or time to extricate himself from the stirrup and regain a posture of attack, when his late ally, the stranger, who had devised the plot, sprung upon him with the agility of the wild cat, exclaiming "Murderous villain! I am Alexis of Novgorod!" and they instantly closed in furious combat.

Equal force and dexterity rendered the struggle long and of doubtful issue; but one of the wounded horses, making an expiring effort to rise, threw Alexis at the feet of his adversary, and



seemed to decide his fate at once; Ruric's brow growing dark as a storm-cloud, and his sabre rising for the death-stroke, his fallen enemy, however, parried the descending blow with sufficient adroitness to render it of trifling effect, and throwing his sinewy arms round the knees of the favourite, dragged him violently to the ground; a fragment of the craggy knoll hurtled down in the commencement of the attack, encountered his temples as he fell, and perhaps rendered the dagger-thrust, with which Alexis followed up his advantage, a needless exertion. Thus perished Ruric, the flatterer and favourite of Czar Ivan Basilowitz! As the conqueror arose, two of his gallant friends emerged from a recess in the rocks with a female, and in another instant he pressed to his bosom the terrified Marina. Explanation of past circumstances would now be superfluous, as every reader will readily divine, that of the tale devised by Alexis for the ear of Ruric, part was fabricated, and part sincere; that in reality he had engaged various partizans in his design during the fatal banquet of the preceding night, and after pointing out the facility of escape by the secret passage, entrusted to three of them the rescue of Marina; himself and the remainder hurrying forth to secure further aid and prepare the means of their escape to Plescow. A plot was then formed to liberate the devoted primate; in the generous attempt to accomplish which, Alexis and his adherents were baffled as I have just related. In every other point they were successful, and my tale draws fast to a conclusion. The body of Ruric was thrown over the precipice, that of the Archbishop, (whose death Alexis concealed for years from Marina) was wrapped in a mantle and deposited in one of the sledges prepared for the renewal of their flight; their horses were fresh and vigorous, the roads had been trodded firm by the late marches of the military, and no definite clue being afforded to the fate of Ruric pursuit was languid and speedily abandoned. The fugitives gained Plescow in safety, Alexis was united to Marina, and in the vale of obscurity, they sought and experienced that unbroken repose, which had been long denied them amid the troubled splendour of a palace.



## LINES TO \* \* \* \*

If in the night, when dreams descend,  
And round the sleeper hover,  
My lips with thine in fondness blend,  
What joy those dreams discover !

The playful hours,  
That have been ours,  
Our sighs, our fond embraces,  
Love's gentle light,  
When souls unite,  
That sparkled in our faces—

Then revelling in happiness,  
Our feelings are united ;

But, oh ! how bitter the distress,  
To find those pleasures blighted,  
If thus we seem,

In some wild dream,  
Far from each other parted,

When all has flown,  
We deem'd our own,

And we are broken-hearted !

S. R. J.

## Song.

WHEN the heart, thou so fondly hast press'd to thine own,  
In this bosom no longer shall beat ;

When cold in the grave it shall moulder alone,  
To thine will its mem'ry be sweet ?

Wilt thou think on the days we together have seen,  
And mourn that so soon they were o'er ?

Wilt thou weep for the days that so happy have been,  
The days we shall welcome no more ?

In the hour when the sun in the west shall descend,  
And ev'ning come down o'er the sky,

O'er my perishing tomb wilt thou tenderly bend,  
And fancy my spirit is nigh ?

And on the long grass that is waving above  
The heart that was dear unto thine,

Wilt thine eye drop a tear, as a tribute to love ?

Thy heart give one sigh over mine ?

S. R. J.

### The Editor's Coterie.

WE have experienced no little pleasure in finding that the epistolary inundation with which we were threatened in the early numbers of our work, has, this month, subsided into a gentler stream; and that the host of new-fledged literati, who were ambitious of trying their pinions in the regions of the Speculum, have soared away to other, and we hope more genial climes. Some few stray bardlings have ventured within our limits; but as we are too merciful to disable their future flight, by clipping their wings with our critical shears, we have kindly suffered the poor things to escape; with a gentle caution, not to act so rashly again.

*E.* has chosen a subject, which we fear has been too much exhausted to excite further interest. We should however be happy to hear from him again.

*J. A. G.* is requested to state which of the two pieces he has favored us with has not yet appeared in print.

*C—c*, who has given vent to his feelings in a long letter, unfettered by the useless restraints of grammatical rules, and which it requires a similar capacity to his own, to thoroughly comprehend,—is informed, that we have no possible quarrel with the gentleman he alludes to, *for what he has done well*. We the more regret that a mind capable of greater efforts should have taken such pains to make itself ridiculous; and his champion *C—c* himself must confess, that the points we have chosen are those in which he is palpably vulnerable. We love justice; and we shall perhaps have an opportunity of evincing that we are not insensible to his real merits.

The same assurance must satisfy *Mr. Neville*, who is requested to forward us the introductory paper to his "Sketches."

"*Friendship*," by *A. L. C.*—*Stephen's Communication*, *M. M.'s* other Sonnet, and *R. C.'s Essay on the Horse*, are inadmissible.

We will not disgrace *Juvenis*, nor distress the feelings of the young lady he would eulogize, by inserting his complimentary Acrostic in the Speculum.

We are obliged to *J. J.* but our work is not made up of extracts from newspapers. We advise him to abstain for the future from the profitless employment of manufacturing waste paper.

*Rustica's* Sonnet is very pretty; but we fear our readers would think it a much ado about nothing.

*Mr. Thomas's* communication is under consideration.

We are obliged to *E. R. Beverly* for his suggestions.

Other favors, not noticed, must be considered as rejected.







SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ<sup>r</sup>.

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